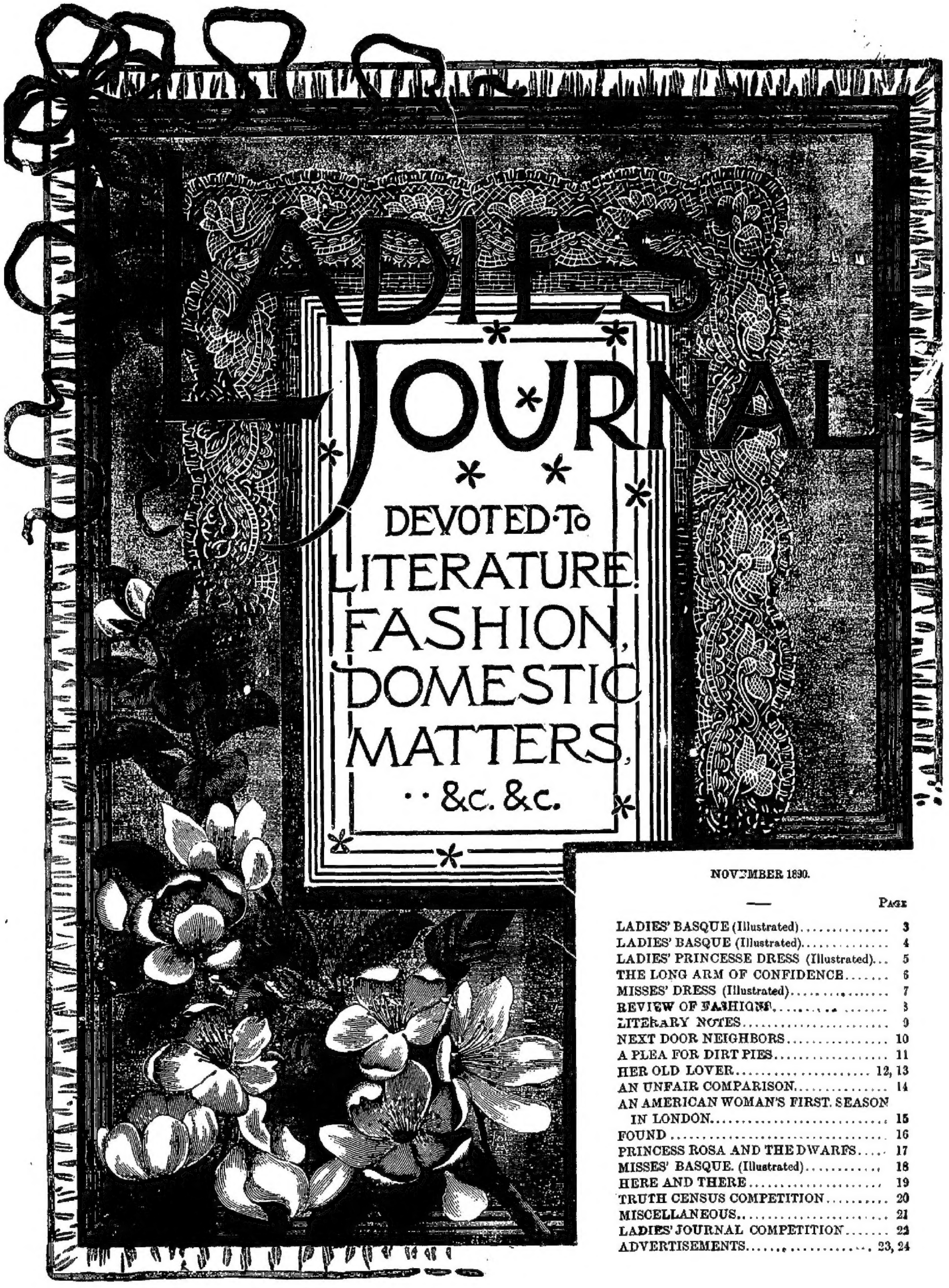
AR M

METROPOLITAN TORONTO CENTRAL LIBRARY



LADIES' JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO
LITERATURE,
FASHION,
DOMESTIC
MATTERS,
&c. &c.

NOVEMBER 1890.

	PAGE
LADIES' BASQUE (Illustrated)	3
LADIES' BASQUE (Illustrated)	4
LADIES' PRINCESSE DRESS (Illustrated)	5
THE LONG ARM OF CONFIDENCE	6
MISSES' DRESS (Illustrated)	7
REVIEW OF FASHIONS	8
LITERARY NOTES	9
NEXT DOOR NEIGHBORS	10
A PLEA FOR DIRT PIES	11
HER OLD LOVER	12, 13
AN UNFAIR COMPARISON	14
AN AMERICAN WOMAN'S FIRST SEASON IN LONDON	15
FOUND	16
PRINCESS ROSA AND THE DWARFS	17
MISSES' BASQUE. (Illustrated)	18
HERE AND THERE	19
TRUTH CENSUS COMPETITION	20
MISCELLANEOUS	21
LADIES' JOURNAL COMPETITION	22
ADVERTISEMENTS	23, 24

NEW GOODS
TO HAND.

We have received a large stock of new stamped goods, which we are selling at the following very low prices:

Stamped Toilet sets, newest designs, 35c., 45c., 60c., and 90c. per set of five pieces.
Comb and Brush Bags, newest designs, 35c., 45c., 75c., and $1.00 each.
Night dress bags, newest designs, 40c., 45c., 60c., and $1 each.
Splashers, 18x36 and 18x45, newest designs, 40c., 50c. and 75c each.
Carving and Tray Cloths, suitable designs, 40c., 50c. and 65c. each.
Sideboard Scarfs, 18x72, 75c. and $1 each.
Stamped Laundry Bags, newest designs, 35c., 75c. and 90c. each.
Stamped Umbrella Holders, newest designs 50c each.
Stamped Gentlemen's Companions, 75c. each.
Stamped Pillow Shams, 45c., 75c. and $1 a pair.
Stamped Tidys, all fringed, 25c., 50c. and 75c. each.
Stamped Biscuit Holders, new designs, 30c. each.

Notwithstanding the advance in the price of wools we are still selling our Berlin Wool, single and double, at 3c. per oz.
Shetland and Andalusian Wools, 10c per oz.
Ice Wool, all colors, 10c. per ball.
Embroidery Silks, all colors, 10c per doz.
Wash Silks, guaranteed to wash, 45c per doz.
Arrasene in all the new shades, 25c. per doz.
Felt, all new colors, 2 yards wide, 75c. and $1 a yard.
Pompons, 15 styles, 50 colors, 20c. per doz. up.

Letter orders receive prompt and careful attention, and goods can be sent, via parcel post, to any part of Canada. Our Price List will be sent free to any address.

Henry Davis,
DIRECT IMPORTER,
232 Yonge st., Toronto.

DR. A. WILFORD HALL'S
HEALTH PAMPHLET.

Health Without Medicine.

Read the Following Testimonial:

"DEAR SIR,—I was among the very first to order Dr. Hall's Health Pamphlet on seeing its announcement in the MICROCOSM. I was then in Washington City, and proceeded immediately to put the new treatment into practice personally and with others, more especially to test its physiological and therapeutical effects. I have become so well convinced of its value for the alleviation of many forms of disease, such as dyspepsia, lung troubles, constipation, kidney derangements, and in fact all forms of disease which have their origin in an impure state of the circulation, that I am ready to give it my unqualified indorsement as a potent adjuvant in the treatment of such cases.
Jas. F. Danter, M.D., late of Toronto, now of Fresno, Cal.

THE HEALTH PAMPHLET

- tells the secret of keeping in health by warding off disease and building up the constitution

By Rational Treatment

Circulars sent on application. Other persons of references given on application.

AGENTS WANTED.

C.C.POMEROY
49½ KING ST. WEST,
TORONTO.

DR. NICHOLS'
FOOD OF HEALTH
For Children and Adults.

Invaluable for Indigestion and Constipation.

FRANKS & CO., London, England, Props.

Montreal Office, 17 St. John Street.

Dr. T. R. Allinson, L.R.C.P., London, says: "I like Dr. Nichols' 'Food of Health' very much and find it of great dietetic value in many diseases. As a breakfast dish I prefer it to oatmeal. For the regulation of the bowels it cannot be surpassed." Send for sample FREE.

THE FAMOUS TENOR OF THE WORLD,
CAMPANINI,

Has written a helpful article on the care, cultivation, and preservation of the voice, of special interest to every girl and woman with vocal aspirations or talent, entitled:

"HOW TO TRAIN THE VOICE,"

Which appears in the NOVEMBER number of

The Ladies' Home Journal

Now ready, on the News Stands—Ten Cents a copy.

Some other special features of this particular issue are:

"Liberties of our Daughters" By Mrs. ADMIRAL DAHLGREN.
"A Thanksgiving Surprise," Illustrated Story by SUSAN COOLIDGE.
"Elder Lamb's Donation Party" Full page Illustrated Poem by WILL CARLETON.

You will find something crisp and snappy in *"Why I Never Married," "Can Women Keep a Secret?"* and other special articles, together with a wealth of special Thanksgiving matter, dainty illustrations in profusion, &c. *The handsomest periodical ever issued for Ladies and the family.* Has a circulation of

NEARLY HALF A MILLION COPIES EACH ISSUE.

For $1.00 We will mail the Journal from now to January 1st, 1892—that is, the balance of this year, FREE, and a FULL YEAR from January 1st, 1891 to January 1st, 1892. Also, our handsome 40-page Premium Catalogue, illustrating a thousand articles, and including "Art Needlework Instructions," by Mrs. A. R. RAMSEY; also "Kensington Art Designs" by JANE S. CLARK, of London.

N. B. This offer must positively be mentioned when sending your subscription, or one year only will be given. CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FOUNTAIN PEN 15c.

PRINTING OUTFIT

ALL FAT PEOPLE
can safely Reduce Weight and Cure Corpulency permanently by taking TRILENE TABLETS (Regd) for a few weeks. They are small, harmless, and never fail to IMPROVE both HEALTH and FIGURE without Change of Diet. An English Countess writes:—"Your *Trilene Tablets act admirably.*" Send Postal Note for 7.5 cents to "THE TRILENE

5¢ For five cents (stamps or silver) to pay postage, etc., I will send you FREE a Royal Package, of great value, WHICH LEADS ON TO FORTUNE! Arthur Labelle, 185 St. James St., Montreal P.Q.

FAT FOLKS
using "Anti-Corpulene Pills" lose 15lbs. a month. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never fail. Sold by Druggists everywhere or sent by mail. Particulars (sealed) 4c. WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., Phila., Pa.

Cutting and Fitting.

Taught with the use of the Dressmakers' **MAGIC SCALE.** The tailor system improved and simplified. Perfect Fitting Sleeve a Specialty. Dresses and linings cut

CORSETS
made to order. Satisfaction guaranteed

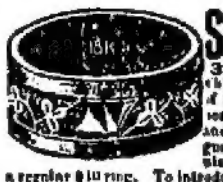
Wire Dress Forms
For draping, etc.

426½ YONGE STREET
JUST SOUTH OF COLLEGE.

DR. JAMES' PILLS

Are the most effectual remedy in use for all Female Irregularities. They are small and pleasant to take. **Price $1 per Box.** Sent by mail on receipt of price.
James' Medicine Co., box 542, Toronto.

FITS Send at once for a FREE BOTTLE and a valuable Treatise. This remedy is a sure and radical cure and is perfectly harmless as no injurious drugs are used in its preparation. I will warrant it to cure
EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS
in severe cases where other remedies have failed. My reason for sending a free bottle is: I want the medicine to be its own recommendation. It costs you nothing for a trial, and a radical cure is certain. Give Express and Post Office. Address:
CURED
H. G. ROOT M. C., 186 West Adelaide St. Toronto, Ont.



SOLID GOLD FILLED
35 Cts. for a $2.00 Ring.
This ring is made of Two Heavy Plates of SOLID 18 KARAT GOLD, over composition metal, and is warranted to wear and retain its color for years. A written guarantee insert with each ring. The regular price is $2, and it cannot be told from a regular $10 ring. To introduce our watches and jewelry, we will send the ring to any address, together with our wholesale catalogue, with special terms to Agents, Merchants, &c., on receipt of 35 cents post or cash. Such a ring was never advertised before. Order immediately. (Send slip of paper size of your finger.) Address
SEARS & CO., 112 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

THE LADIES' JOURNAL

VOL. X. No. 1—NEW SERIES. TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1890. $1 00 PER YEAR.

What a Moth-Miller Saw.

A tiny moth-miller was flying about in a closet looking for something to eat.

Now, there chanced to hang there among the other garments a little pair of queer, old-fashioned boy's trousers. They were cut in an outlandish shape, plaited full into the waistband, and they were very much worn. There were holes in both knees, and even the patches on the seat were worn quite through.

The little moth thought that surely nobody would begrudge her those, so she went to work at them.

First she ate a lot of little holes in one knee; then she went toward the top, nibbling here and there as she went. Finally she found a cosy little place under the seam, and she determined to make her nest there. She had hardly gotten herself comfortably settled when she heard a woman coming.

Now, the moth was afraid of women. They hunted her and her friends without mercy. Men were different—they shook the moths out and frightened them away sometimes, but very often they brought nice powder for them to eat, and put it all about where they could find it easily.

So it happened that when the moth heard the woman coming, she knew that everything would be taken out of the closet into the dazzling sunshine where the poor moths could not see at all; and that the woman would catch and kill every one of them, so she flew out of her nest and hid in a dark corner.

The woman began at the end of the row of hooks and took each garment down and laid them together in a pile upon the floor. When she came to the trousers where the moth had been, she did not put them with the rest, but stood and held them in her hands; and she touched them as though they were something precious. Soon she saw where the moth had been at work.

She put her hand inside the leg and stretched the cloth over it, that she might see the holes more plainly, and her white fingers showed through in many places. She looked very sad, and the moth-miller felt ashamed and half wished that she had eaten the new frieze greatcoat instead. Then the woman sat down on the floor and began to look through the pockets. Out of one she took a ball of string, a key, a couple of marbles, and an odd copper cent. She looked intently at them for a long time; then she put them all back where she had found them. Next she felt in the other pocket, and she drew out a little, shiny, black book. She did not open it at first. She turned it over and over and sighed.

The moth-miller heard the sigh and very cautiously she flew out of the closet. The woman did not notice her, so she flew quite near where she could see over the woman's shoulder, and she read "Diary" on the cover of the little book.

Pretty soon the woman opened the book. There was a stubby, little, ivory-tipped pencil tucked into the book; the point was blunt, and the lead worn down on one side, just as it had been used to scrawl upon the blue-lined pages. On the fly-leaf was written: "To Willie from Mother." The woman turned leaf by leaf and the moth could see what was written there.

The entries were short and in the cramped, odd hand of a 10-year-old boy. They were chiefly records of his conduct and of the weather.

One week was like this:

"Mon. I was good."

"Tues. Pa is afrade it will rane. I was good."

"Wed. I was real good."

"Thurs. It sneed. I was good."

"Fri. I made a sno-ball. I was good."

"Sat. I was very good to-day."

"Yes," said the woman aloud, "he *was* good." Then she covered her face with her hands and wept bitterly.

The moth wondered why she wept. Willie was not dead nor even ill. He had just been home on a visit and never had he looked so strong, and well, and handsome.

And he was making lots of money, too. The moth had heard the man next door telling a friend about it as she had fluttered about his window one night trying to get through the screen. And they had said something about "gay," and "wild oats," and "pretty actresses." The moth had not understood what they meant, but she was sure that it was nothing bad, for the men had laughed and joked about it, so she could not see why his mother should cry so.

At last the woman stopped sobbing and was quite still, except that her lips moved softly.

And the moth-miller knew that she was praying, for she heard her whisper: "Dear Jesus, keep him pure."

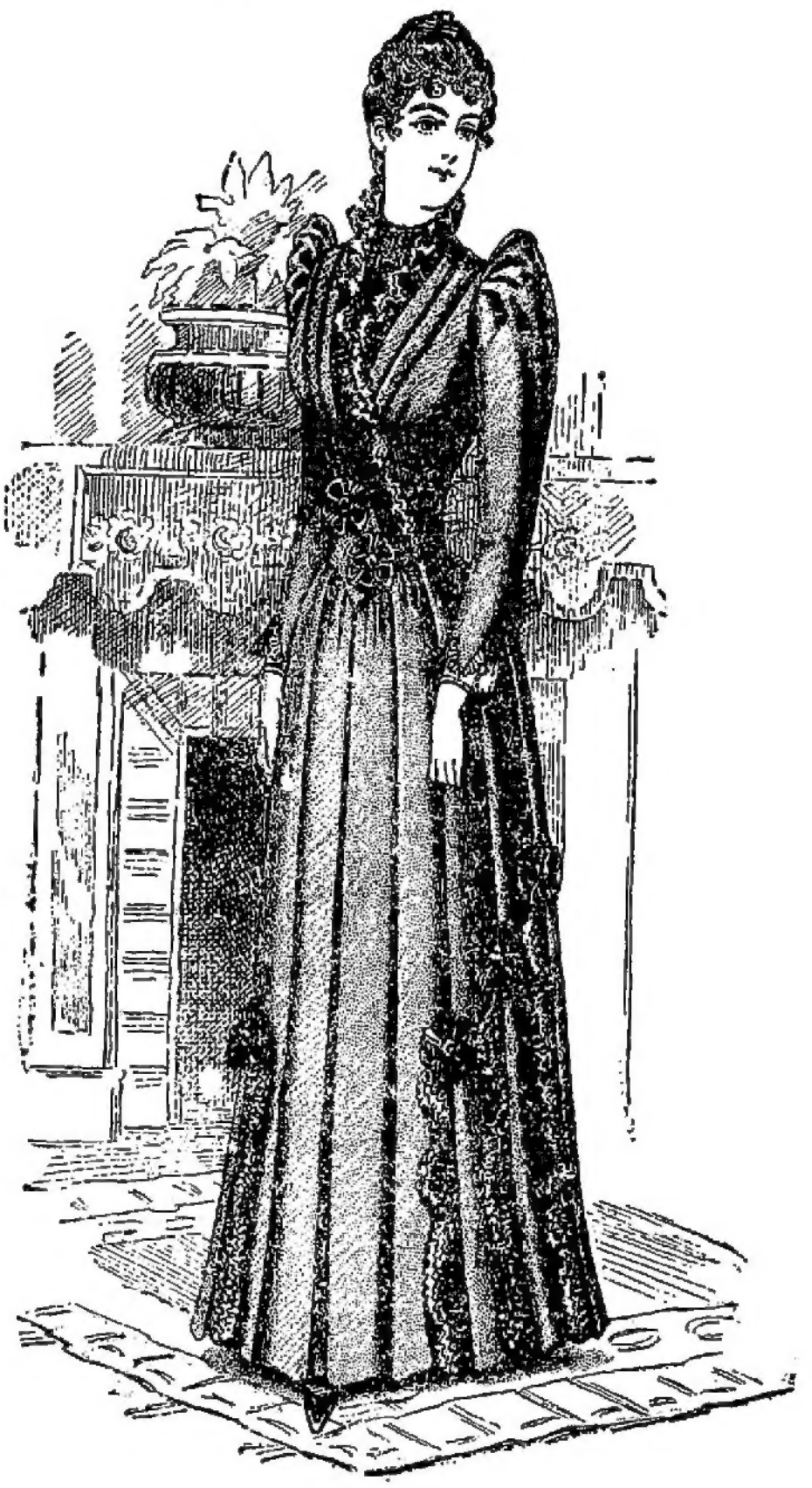


FIG. 68.—No. 4742.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 30 inches, 4 yards; 32, 34 inches, 4¼ yards; 36, 38, 40, 42 inches, 4½ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30 inches, 2 yards; 32, 34 inches, 2⅛ yards; 36, 38, 40, 42 inches, 2¼ yards.

Each size will require ⅞ of a yard of silk for pleating and 5 yards of narrow ribbon for rosettes.

No. 4743.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 22, 24 inches, 12½ yards; 26, 28, 30, 32 inches, 12¾ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 22, 24 inches, 6¼ yards; 26, 28, 30, 32 inches, 6⅜ yards.

Each size will require 4¼ yards of 18-inch silk for knife-pleating and 10 yards of narrow ribbons for rosettes.

FIG. 68.—Basque No. 4742, price 25 cents, and skirt No. 4743, price 30 cents, are stylishly combined to form this costume, and are shown separately elsewhere in this issue, where a back view may be had. Any woolen or silk goods are appropriate for the model, with a trimming of black lace, or black over white lace gathered, or silk knife-pleated frills and velvet rosettes. The skirt is laid in wide kilt-pleats turned toward the centre-front, and then gathered at the top, facing the pleats half-way up with thin crinoline, and pressing—not tacking—them in position. The frills are sewed lengthwise under three of the pleats on either side, and finished with rosettes, the front row being a shorter one. The sleeves are full over the shoulders, pointed at the wrists, and edged around with a frilling to match that on the skirt. The front is in folds from the shoulders, lapped at the waist-line, and forms a sharp point, with a frill around the neck, and opening up the front. A V-shaped plastron is gathered, and worn to fill the space between the softly falling frills. Two velvet rosettes still further trim the lower portion of the front.

Cost of a Family.

What does it cost to bring up a family? A gentleman, whose experience will be recognized as having points in common with other householders, has preserved an account of the expense to which he has been in rearing a family of four children. To-day he entered the following statement in his diary. It might be a valuable fact for the census takers:

"To-day I close my diary. Twenty-six years ago to-day I undertook to keep an accurate statement of all my earnings and expenses, so that I might know actually how much it costs to live in a married state. Then all was anticipation. I and my young wife counted our resources and our expectations. I received $15 a week, with the promise of more. I owned a house comfortable enough for frugal young people to begin life in. We were spared house rent, therefore, and our expenses have never included this item. Retrospectively, I see that we have brought up four children in comparatively easy circumstances. My health has been good, and my earnings have been constantly received. I now receive $30 a week, and we still own the homestead, without any great additions to its wealth except in an increased amount of furniture. I have little more money than I had when first married. Perhaps, all told, I have $3,500 now of assets, then I had perhaps, $2,500. We have never wanted for bread. Sometimes we have felt in need of more money. Three of the children are now making their own way. Next week the fourth graduates at the high school, having received the same schooling that the others have had, and will begin to look out for himself.

"I shall not necessarily be at any more expense on account of my children, and the diary properly ends now. Would I be able to go through the same experience again of raising a family? I asked my companion, who had borne the greater part, this question, and I know that she spoke with a heart full of love, but was compelled to say: 'Not for all that money could buy would I go through again what has been necessary to rear a family.'

"Expressed in dollars the totals are these: In twenty-six years we have received from my wages and incidental moneys that came through my wife and the children, $40,900—or, say $40,000—besides the amount of increase in the permanent assets. Given a plant of about $3,000 and two employees, a man and wife, it has taken, therefore, about $10,000 o each man produced. This, of course, included all employees' expenses. The plant is slightly enhanced in value, but the employees have seen their best days. The quality of the goods is yet to be demonstrated. Prospects happily point to cessation of labor and an increase, of receipts, but there is no certainly about this.

"Some of the items of expense have been these: Doctors' bills (twenty-seven years), $2,100 (and all paid, probably the only instance on record); groceries, average per week first five years, $7; next three, $9; remainder of the twenty-six years, $43 a week. For ten years it has taken on an average one pair of shoes per week for the family, including myself and wife. The most annoying thing I have ever known is the rapidity with which children wear out shoes. Only one thing approaches it—the high price of children's shoes. I never could understand how, with all the civilization of the age and the demand for cheaper results, children's shoes have not been reduced in price. The human shoe is a failure. No man not rich can afford to buy shoes for a family, and if I had it to do I would go to Timbuctoo, where neither horses, mules, camels, nor men are shod."

Women Before the Advent

It is a common practice among apologists of the Bible to point to the improved position of woman in illustration of the beneficial influences of the Gospel. So general is the reference and so long has the argument gone unchallenged that it comes as a surprise to find any person, professing to be acquainted with the facts, who holds the contrary opinion. Such a person, however, is found in Principal Donaldson, of St. Andrew's, an eminent Christian scholar, who finds that the first three centuries of Christianity, so far from having any favorable effect on women, tended to lower their character and contract the range of their activity. As this declaration raises a question of fact and not of opinion, history must be invoked to testify. Fortunately her witness as to the position and character of woman before and at the time of the Advent, which was pagandom's proudest era, is distinct and unequivocal; for by a rare combination of circumstances it happens that the leading women of this period are as familiarly known to investigation as the leading women of Washington, of London, of Paris, in this last decade of the nineteenth century. Perhaps no better or typical illustration can be found of the prevalent views concerning the rights of women than the manner in which Sylla, who was at the time at the head of affairs in Rome, acted in the matter of Cæsar's marriage with Cornelia, daughter of Cinna, one of Sylla's enemies. Perceiving the ability and ambition of young Cæsar, and realizing that it would not be to his advantage to have the brightest and cleverest young man of Rome, throw himself completely into the arms of the enemy, Sylla, without any apparent compunction, simply and promptly ordered Cæsar to divorce his wife. The grief, the rights, the situation of the woman were not even considered. When the young husband refused to obey, he was treated like a criminal, unfrocked, deprived of all claim to his wife's dowry, to his own inheritance. And this case is not solitary, but typical. Such tribute the leader of Rome paid to the sacredness of marriage. On such heights woman stood in the most glorious era of pagandom.

As to the moral character of pagan women, the accounts which have come down to us of the society leaders are not very encouraging. The readiness with which many of them gave up one husband to marry another, the frequency of that sin for which alone the Scriptures admit of divorce, the little shock which such conduct appears to have given society show how low a price was generally set upon purity and chastity. Surely Principal Donaldson could not have familiarized himself with the social condition of Rome during her palmiest days or he had never published his statement concerning Christian women during the first three centuries of our era. On this interesting question much important testimony has been collated by Gail Hamilton in two excellent articles on "Society women of the time of Christ," in the *North American Review*. No one can read this witness without feeling convinced that both in place and character the women of pagandom stand infinitely below the women whom Christianity influences. As this author fittingly remarks: "For the Livias and the Julias and the Octavias of the Palatine, Christianity shows us the beautiful, devout, and pure Margherita of the Quirinal, the Victorias and Augustas, the Christines, the Dagmars, the Alexandras of Gaul and Goth and Vandal-women of spotless characters, whose marriage vows are not only inviolate, but inviolable. The Pagan world wrought its best, gave us the women of Rome's Golden Age, and perished. Christianity has not yet wrought its best, is ever mounting upward, but already in place and power a pure womanhood sits enthroned."

Connubial Bliss and Bacon.

For 100 years the Abbots of St. Melaine, in Bretagne, bestowed a flitch of bacon as a prize for connubial contentment, and at the Abbey of Weir hung a flitch of bacon with the following lines:

"Is there to be found a married man
That in veritie declare can
That his marriage him doth not rue,
That he has no fear of his wife for a shrew,
He may this bacon for himself down hew."

Almost equally historic with the Dunmow flitch—though the records of it have not been kept—was the Whichenovre flitch. Sir Philip de Somerville held the Manor of Whichenovre, or, as it is given in all old documents, "Whichenour," from the Earls of Lancaster, half the fees to be remitted, as well as half the fines, on condition that he kept a flitch of bacon in his hall at all times—Lent alone excepted—ready for delivery to every man or woman married, after a year and a day of the marriage be passed; and to be given to every man or woman married, after the day and the year of their marriage be past in form following:

"Whensoever that any one such before married will come to inquire for the bacon, in their own person, they shall come to the Bailiff or the Porter of the Lordship of Whichenovre, and shall say to them in manner as ensueth: 'Bailiff, [or Porter,] I do you to know that I am come for myself to demand one Bacon Flyke hanging in the hall of the Lord of the Manor of Whichenour after the form thereunto belonging.'"

FIG. 67.—No. 4745.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30, 32 inches, 1¾ yards; 34, 36 inches, 1¾ yards; 38 inches, 1¾ yards; 40 inches, 1¾ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for Jacket.

30, 32, 34, 36 inches, ⅝ of a yard; 38, 40 inches, ¾ of a yard.

NO. 4746.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE 30 CENTS.

This design cuts from 22 to 32 inches waist measure, and 12¼ yards of 21-inch goods, or 6⅝ yards of 42-inch goods will be required for each size. Ribbon, 4½ yards.

FIG. 67, Basque No. 4745, price 25 cents, and skirt No. 4746, price 30 cents, are handsomely arranged in this illustration of velvet tinsel passementerie, and striped cheviot, while the patterns are shown separately elsewhere in this issue. The style is jaunty and pleasing for a young lady's house or street gown of striped or plain materials. The skirt has a lining of the usual shape, with the outside draped in front to bring the stripes diagonally across from the cluster of pleats high on the left side to a lower point on the right over the facing at the belt. The full back and pleated sides retain the straight effects, now fashionable, with bridle bows of velvet ribbon on the right side as illustrated. The sleeves are the full-topped coat shape, which are, perhaps, the most popular of the present day, and the collar is rolled over on the right side. The Eton jacket fronts are of velvet, trimmed with gilt galloon over a pointed front, laid in a box-pleat down the centre, to give a shirt-waist effect, fastening invisibly. The velvet belt should be lined with canvas, and is wider in the centre-front, where it forms divergent points. In place of velvet, plain cloth or cashmere could be used for the jacket and belt, but velvet always has a rich effect with silk or woolen goods.

On Saturday afternoon three bailiffs were arrested on a charge of shooting an elderly woman on the public road at Tourren, near Ennis. They were driving in a car when one of the men shot her in the leg.

Salads.

It is said there are so few who know the secret of making good salads, that one who understands it well can always be employed.

Wash lettuce, cress, etc., in cold salt water, then drain in a colander, and wipe with a soft cloth.

Watercress should be kept in very cold water until ready for the table, then shake dry or wipe, and serve in a fancy dish—to be eaten with salt.

The tops of French turnips or rutabagas can be utilized in winter for salads.

Raise parsley in your garden to garnish your salads with. It is equally nice for cold meats.

Gather lettuce, parsley, etc., when the dew is on in the morning, and place in a refrigerator or cool cellar until ready for use.

After your salad is prepared keep it in a cool place.

To cook eggs for salads, put them carefully into cold water, boil ten minutes slowly after the water begins to boil; then take them out and put into cold water until they are cold, which will prevent them from turning dark colored.

Chicken Salad, No. 1.—A simple rule for chicken salad: Cut up and wash one chicken, put in a kettle in cold water, cooking until very tender. After it has been on an hour, salt it and put in a piece of butter, unless it is very fat. When done, cool and take out all the bones (use all but the gizzard, skin and heart), cut up with a knife. Measure and put in an earthen dish; then wash and cut up good white celery on a board in small pieces (do not chop it). If you are fond of it, you can use the same quantity that you do of chicken. Some prefer a little cabbage, cut from a hard head with a knife, instead of all celery. The proportions of meat and celery can be varied according to your pleasure. Salt to taste. The dressing used for cabbage salad is very good for chicken salad. Mix the dressing with the salad, and it is ready for use. Will keep in a cool place several days.

Chicken Salad, No. 2.—Two chickens, well cooked and cut in shreds, six heads of celery cut with a knife, cabbage chopped, and, when mixed with celery, enough to double the quantity of chicken. Dressing—Two tablespoons of mustard, one saltspoon of red pepper, two small tablespoons of salt, twelve yelks or six whole eggs beaten well, chicken oil and butter the size of two eggs, beaten to a cream, one cup of vinegar. Make the dressing, beat the eggs light, add the vinegar, mix the mustard and pepper smooth with a little vinegar, and cook until the thickness of custard. When thoroughly cold, and just before sending to the table, stir through the chicken.

Salad Dressing—The yelks of eight eggs, one-half pint of sweet cream; cook in a double kettle, add one-half teaspoon ground mustard and stir until cool, so there will be no crust form on it. Beat the eggs with an egg-beater well.

Veal Salad—Cook veal until very tender, then cool. Chop or cut with a knife, fine; chop a little solid cabbage, or a lettuce head, and mix; then put in a deep salad-dish, and pour over it any nice salad dressing. Garnish with celery or lettuce leaves.

Fish Salad—Boil a white fish, or trout, until done, then take the bones out, cool and cut to pieces with a knife. Chop celery or cabbage, and as much as you have of fish. Season with salt and butter. Use any good salad dressing and mix with salt.

Shrimp Salad—Take canned shrimp and chop. Add an equal quantity of celery. Cut the celery with a sharp knife on a board. To every pint of salad add two or three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Mix part of the dressing with the salad, and keep the rest to dress it with when served on the table.

Potato Salad, No. 1.—Steam one dozen potatoes, cool and chop fine; chop the yelks of three hard-boiled eggs, half an onion, two small teaspoons of salt, one teaspoon of mustard and a piece of butter as large as an egg. For the dressing, boil five eggs hard (about five minutes), take the yelks of three and mix with the salad.

Potato Salad, No. 2.—Slice ten or a dozen cold potatoes, not too thin. Make a salad dressing of eight tablespoons of vinegar, four of butter, a little crisped parsley, one onion chopped very fine; a teaspoon of salt, mixed well. Pour over the potatoes a little while before using.

Commend a fool for his wit and a knave for his honesty, and they will receive you into their bosoms.

A Scotch minister, in one of his parochial visits, met a cow-boy, and asked him what o'clock it was.—"About twelve, sir," was the reply.—"Well," remarked the minister, "I thought it was more."—"It's never any more here," said the boy, "it just begins at one again."

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

From a Sermon by Rev. Dr. Fairbairn, of Oxford.

He laid His right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not, I am the first and the last; I am He that liveth and was dead; and behold, I am alive forevermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death.—*Revelations* i., 17-18.

Dr. Fairbairn described John on the island of Patmos, where, to him, and through him to us, the word of God came. John was an exile, and the lonely rock was, perhaps, only the more desolate because of the bright skies that smiled upon it. The minister described John's affection for Epheaus, his home where Paul had sown, and he had watered a city of learning, and, of old, devoted to religion. Here John proposed to remain; but man proposes and God does not always seem to dispose. John loved to be among men and, in Patmos, he was in deep solitude; but solitude, for a man who loves God, becomes full of God. Dr. Fairbairn told how the sea which had caused a blind poet of the ancients to write, "The loud sounding sea," and a later one to speak of "multitudinous laughter of the sea," had made John, when he came to tell of the voice of God, to describe it "as a sound of many waters."

The heavenly city was a sea of burnished brass." John in Patmos became more receptive of God, and of God's truth than he had ever been in Ephesus. This harkening to the voice of God he called being in the spirit. Man is in the spirit of God when the spirit is in him. To a heart vacant of God the universe is a godless vacancy. To an atheistic reason there is an atheism in all things. It needs a God within man to discover a God without. So John came to those supreme visions of the Eternal that live for all time. At Ephesus he was for a day; at Patmos he was for eternity. Promise is the glory of youth; performance is the honor of age. Here John's hopeful youth was translated into experienced age; and this experience was preserved for all time. Dr. Fairbairn pictured John resting on the Master's bosom, and in the happiness of that moment realized that an eternity of happiness was but a moment.

The minister took up the words of the text, "I am the first and the last." In this personal form of speech "I am" He expressed His eternity. Of created things man alone has the right to say "I am." Only the spirit really exists. Matter is through mind, and not mind through matter. Subtract mind from matter, and where would be matter? Mind is; matter appears. The spirit abides; matter disappears. Matter changes every moment, and is never what it was the moment before. Here God says He is, and that He is the first. There had never been a time when He was not. Dr. Fairbairn said that, as a youth, he had often been puzzled by the old, hard saying that God acted from His own good pleasure. But the question should be put, whether it would be better for man to be the subject of mere blind, inexorable law, or that he should be ruled by the ever-living God, full of mercy and goodness, and ready to listen to the appeals of man's weakness.

The minister then expounded the text, "I have the keys of hell and death." Here hell evidently does not mean the place of punishment. God does not speak of himself as the keeper of a dungeon. The revised version distinguishes between the terms gehenna and hades. In the text the word "hell" could not be used in the sense in which it is used in the sentence, "Ye generation of vipers, ye shall not escape the punishment of hell." Evidently in that sentence the word does not mean what it does when Christ says, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell." Christ could never have feared that His soul would be sent to a place of punishment. But the word "hell" so used means the entire unseen world, all that is beyond our material perceptions. So, too, death can not be shadowed any more than hell. It means simply the passing from the known the unknown. It is not a ceasing to be. Over two thousand years ago a philosophe had written works which to-day stand on the shelves of every scholar. There were immortal thoughts about government, about poetry, about death, and many other subjects. To-day there are minds that never knew Plato, yet feel his power. Is it possible for a mind that made these imperishable thoughts to perish? Could such a thing be thought of? If God made men He made them worthy of God, and for an eternal God to have men less than eternal would have been to make them less than worthy.

Also the keys of hell and death are symbolical. They speak of power. The throne and the crown speak of power and glory. The keys speak of the right to judge and the power to execute the judgments. Christ is, also, enthroned and crowned. Dr. Fairbairn asked his auditors if they had honored the King as they had honored the Crucified. Were we not all too apt to think only of Christ as on the cross?

The minister narrated an allegory of a spirit, stripped of its mortality and left only its weak human heart, sent out by God through the boundless universe, a great angel being its guide. On and on their flight carried them, out of the region of worlds into infinite spaces where the only light was that of the cosmic dust made bright by its rapid motion, the atoms attracting and repelling each other, collecting here and there and forming into new worlds, preparing for the conditions of life and some of them just ready to burst into bloom. Finally the weak human heart of the traveler cries out for relief, for relief from the oppression of the infinite and eternal. It cries out to be put in some grave where it can rest. But now it is taken to the sheltering breast of Christ, and there finds the place that it craves. There is no end to the universe of God, and there is no beginning. In Christ alone is there rest.

"Do you say that any man dies by chance," exclaimed Dr. Fairbairn, "accidents concern man, not God." A man dies at the moment it seems best to God. The Savior is the judge. The person who redeems is the person who metes out the final reward. The speaker spoke of the compassionate sadness of God, and said that it was more awful than sternness. He closes his sermon by relating a dream, in which he said various types of mankind come before the great white throne to be received into eternal joy or met by the awful sentence: "I know you not." The closing scene was that of a mother receiving her babe from Christ's arms and of the joy of that union in their heavenly home.

FIG. 66.—No. 4740.—LADIES' PRINCESSE DRESS. PRICE 35 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 32, 34, 36 inches, 11 yards; 38, 40 inches, 11¼ yards; 42, 44 inches, 11½ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 32, 34, 36 inches, 5¼ yards; 38, 40 inches, 5⅜ yards; 42, 44 inches, 5⅝ yards

If made of materials on the bias as illustrated, 4 yards of 44-inch plaid material, 2¾ yards of velvet, and if the ruching is made double, 9¾ yards of 21-inch silk will be required for the medium size.

FIG. 66, Pattern No. 4740, price 35 cents, furnishes the design for this graceful illustration which is shown in brown and tan plaid, brown surah and a darker shade of velvet. The surah silk forms the triple pleated and pinked ruche, which trims the neck, front, and lower edge. The back has a one-piece basque laid in pleats at the waist-line, and the skirt gathered to the edge, while the fronts are in the princesse style, with the right one lapped in a diagonal style over the left, which is of a contrasting material. The dart fullness is laid in tapering pleats, and the fronts are hooked under the frilling. The sleeves are gathered high and full over the shoulders, and plain below. The plaid material is prettily made up on the bias, to do which requires nearly half as much again goods as to cut it straight, but the bias style is far more attractive and newer. The design is shown elsewhere in issue, giving a back view.

An expensive gum-pot for a desk is of cut glass and silver, imitating a flower, stem, and leaves.

Take away my first letter; take away my second letter; take away all my letters, and I am still the same. What am I?—The postman.

At the Turn of the Road.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The glory has passed from the goldenrod's plume,
The purple-hued asters still linger in bloom;
The birch is bright yellow, the sumachs are red,
The maples like torches aflame overhead.

But what if the joy of the summer is past,
And winter's wild herald is blowing his blast?
For me dull November is sweeter than May,
For my Love is its sunshine—she meets me to-day!

Will she come? Will the ring-dove return to her nest?
Will the needle swing back from the east or the west?
At the stroke of the hour she will be at her gate;
A friend may prove laggard—love never comes late.

Do I see her afar in the distance? Not yet.
Too early! Too early! She could not forget!
When I cross the old bridge where the brook overflowed,
She will flash full in sight at the turn of the road.

I pass the low wall where the ivy entwines;
I tread the brown pathway that leads through the pines;
I haste by the boulder that lies in the field,
Where her promise at parting was lovingly sealed.

Will she come by the hillside or round through the wood?
Will she wear her brown dress or her mantle or hood?
The minute draws near—but her watch may go wrong;
My heart *will* be asking: What keeps her so long?

Why doubt for a moment? More shame if I do!
Why question? Why tremble? Are angels more true?
She would come to the lover who calls her his own
Though she trod in the track of a whirling cyclone!

—I crossed the old bridge ere the minute had passed.
I looked; lo! my Love stood before me at last.
Her eyes, how they sparkled, her cheeks, how they glowed,
As we met, face to face, at the turn of the road!

Why It is Twelfth Day.

Tradition says that the twelfth day from Christmas Day was remarkable for having been that upon which the visit of the Magi took place, upon which Christ was baptized, the water at Cana turned into wine and the five thousand fed. For 300 years it was kept by Eastern Christians as the day upon which Christ was born, and among ourselves it was long observed with great festivitica. We are told that in the reign of King Alfred a law was passed by "virtue of which the twelve days after the nativity of our Saviour were made festivals." The last day was accounted the greatest of the twelve, and especially given up to "Christmas gambols" and the visiting of friends. The custom seems long to have continued in force, for in the sixteenth century Twelfth Day seems to have been kept with as much zeal as Christmas. The royal family at Court led the way, the Universities and the Inns of Court following them in the extent of their festivities. At the Temple the whole twelve days were kept with great care, and many of the country gentlemen followed the same custom. In some parts of England the very poorest people contrived to keep the twelve days with such good cheer for themselves and their neighbors as their means would allow.

Carpet Insects.

To any who has had experience with the insect variously known as the carpet bug or buffalo moth the following recipe will be invaluable, for it is said to be sure death to them: One ounce of alum, one ounce of chloride zinc three ounces of salt. Mix with two quarts of water and let it stand over night in a covered vessel. In the morning pour it carefully into another vessel, so that all sediment may be left behind. Dilute this with two quarts of water and apply by sprinkling the edges of the carpet for the distance of a foot from the wall. This is all that is necessary.

The LADIES' JOURNAL Bible Competition on another page is well worth perusal.

THE LONG ARM OF CONFIDENCE.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Bidder had a telegram in his hand. Here it is:

"Come up at once.

"Stone, Scotland Yard."

Mr. Bidder was the senior partner in the firm of Bidder, Tuxwell & Harris, of Birkenhead. A confidential clerk—one Raymond Hastie—had been discovered in an extensive system of embezzlement. Mr. Hastie had disappeared, and with him some necessary books and a considerable sum in cash as well. The affair was in the hands of the police, and the above curt telegram had been just received from that well-known officer, George Stone, of Scotland Yard. Mr. Bidder left for London almost immediately after its receipt. He journeyed by the train which leaves Liverpool at 4:05 p. m., and is due at Euston at half past eight. He took with him a black portmanteau. It was one of tolerable size. He was a spruce gentleman, and as he might be detained in town for a day or two he thought it would be as well to go provided.

In his first-class compartment there was but one other passenger. This was a slight, weedy-looking gentleman who was enveloped in a voluminous overcoat which was obviously not of English manufacture. The afternoon was dull, there was more than a suspicion of mist in the air; but though it was cool, it was still not cold enough for the average Britisher to sit muffled to the chin in a curiously shaped garment made of Irish frieze apparently about an inch in thickness. Mr. Bidder eyed his fellow-passenger, though there was not much of him to be seen; for, in addition to being muffled to the chin, he wore a soft felt hat which he had pulled down to his eyes. Mr. Bidder was conversationally inclined, but he felt persuaded that there was little in the shape of social intercourse to be got out of the gentleman who crouched at the other end of the carriage. Still he would try.

"Going through?"

Mr. Bidder flattered himself that the tone in which he put this inquiry was genial. But the fact is he was used to public speaking of a kind—teetotal and down-with everything-pleasant platforms, and such like—and in spite of himself his manner was pompous, and, perhaps a trifle dictatorial. Still, this was not sufficient to account for the behavior of the gentleman addressed. That individual sprung from his seat and turned towards Mr. Bidder with a gesture that was distinctly threatening. For a moment it really appeared as though he was about to assault him. If such was his intention he very wisely thought better of it, and sunk back into his corner.

"What's that to do with you?" he growled.

Mr. Bidder was conscious that it had nothing to do with him; still, the fact might have been stated in more courteous fashion. He began to consider whether it would not be advisable at the first stopping station to get into another carriage. But when they did stop other passengers got in, who appeared to be quite as much disposed to talk as he was.

At Euston, in connection with this gentleman, something really remarkable happened. Mr. Bidder was going along the platform in search of his portmanteau when he met a porter bearing the identical article aloft upon his shoulder. By his side walked the gentleman with the overcoat. Mr. Bidder stopped.

"Porter, that's my portmanteau. What do you mean by walking off with it?"

The porter seemed to be a little surprised.

"Yours? Why, this gentleman says it's his."

"It is nothing of the kind. Take it to my cab. It's mine!"

"Yours!" The gentleman in the overcoat stepped in front of him. He seemed to be literally shaking with rage. "If you don't stow that I'll make you sit up sharp. Give me that portmanteau!"

He stretched out his hand to take the portmanteau from the porter; but Mr. Bidder was not to be bullied out of his property quite so easily as that.

"You will do nothing of the kind, porter. I tell you that portmanteau's mine. Call a constable. Officer!"

There was a policeman standing a little distance off. Mr. Bidder beckoned to him. Directly he did so the stranger's face assumed a peculiarly ghastly hue. Without a word he slunk off and disappeared in the crowd.

The porter was amazed.

"Well, that beats anything. That's the coolest hand I ever see. He came to me and says, 'Put that portmanteau on a cab,' as though he was a dook. Are you going to give him in charge?"

"I ought to, but I'm in a hurry. I'll let the scoundrel off free this time."

Off went Mr. Bidder in triumph with the porter and portmanteau. He told the cabman to drive to a certain well-known hotel. When he reached it, a man suddenly appeared at the side of the cab and looked at him. Mr. Bidder stared in return, for the man was a perfect stranger to him. He was one of the tallest men he had ever seen, six foot five or six with a mustache of the most extravagant dimensions.

The hotel porter coming to take the luggage from the driver, the man stood aside on the pavement. But as he went up the steps Mr. Bidder not only saw the fellow wink at him, but even hook his finger on to the bridge of his nose with a gesture which was not only familiar but impertinent. Mr. Bidder, who had not yet altogether recovered from his adventure with the gentleman in the overcoat, told himself that the man was drunk.

It was considerably past nine o'clock. Mr. Bidder was hungry. Giving instructions to have some dinner prepared for him, Mr. Bidder followed his portmanteau to his bedroom. The hotel porter having removed the strap, all he had to do was to insert the key and turn the lock. But this was exactly what he was unable to do. There was something the matter either with the key or the lock, for the key wouldn't turn. Mr. Bidder began to lose his temper. It was long past his regular dinner hour, and he was very hungry indeed. He examined the key; it seemed to be all right. He put it again into the lock; but no, it would not turn.

"I wonder if that scamp has been playing any tricks with the lock?"

He alluded to the gentleman in the overcoat. But a moment's reflection showed him that that was scarcely possible. He had seen the portmanteau put into the luggage van with his own eyes; it had reposed in the luggage van throughout the journey. Certainly the gentleman in the overcoat had not stirred from his own corner of the carriage. On their arrival scarcely a moment had elapsed before he had detected the enterprizing traveler in the act of escorting his prize. It was impossible that it could have been tampered with by him.

Mr. Bidder tried again. He gave the key an extra twist; it turned—indeed, it turned with a vengeance. But that was not the only cause which induced him to so precipitately assume an upright position on his feet. It was perhaps a little surprising that the key should all at once have turned so readily, but it was much more surprising that, simultaneously, such a peculiar sound should have begun to issue from what might, metaphorically, be called the bosom of the portmanteau, and not only begun, but continued; in fact, was continuing as Mr. Bidder stared down at the receptacle of his belongings.

"Whatever have I put inside to make such a noise as that?"

He knelt down to see; but the portmanteau refused to open. The key was still in the lock. He felt quite sure he had turned it; still, he might be mistaken, so he made another trial. Whether he had or had not turned it before it turned quite easily again; and instantly the noise redoubled. The thing might have been alive, and resenting the touch of its owner's hand. Mr. Bidder sprung to his feet again; he was not only surprised, he was even startled.

"It sounds exactly as though some one had set the mechanism of some clock-work going. Good"—he hesitated before he let the word come out, but it did come out—"good heavens! I don't believe that after all the thing is mine."

By "the thing" he meant the portmanteau. When the thought first struck him the prespiration stood upon his brow. Was he the thief? Had he robbed that other man? What a bare-faced scoundrel the gentleman in the overcoat must have taken him to be! The idea was horrible, but close examination showed that it was true: the portmanteau was not his. It bore a strong superficial resemblance to the genuine article, but none the less for that it was not the real thing. It was not difficult, especially at night, to mistake one portmanteau for another; a fact which was acutely realized by Mr. Bidder then. He was aghast. He was a man of some imagination, and a mental picture was present to his mind—what must the gentleman in the overcoat be thinking of him then? And he had beckoned to a policeman, too!

As he was still trying to realize the situation some one tried the handle of the bedroom door, and finding it locked tapped at the panel. Mr. Bidder opened. A stout, middle-aged man immediately stepped inside and closed the door behind him.

"I'm a detective."

"A detective!" cried Mr. Bidder, his brain in a whirl. "The very man I want."

"Indeed," rejoined the new-comer with a noticeable dryness. "That's odd, because you're the very man I'm wanting too."

Mr. Bidder was the very man he wanted! A detective!

Was it possible that the gentleman in the overcoat had already lain information, and he was actually suspected of crime? The situation was distinctly not a nice one—but it was obvious that it only required a few words of explanation.

"It is absurd; one of the most absurd things of which I ever heard, though I own that at first sight it must have a suspicious appearance to a stranger's eye."

Mr. Bidder laughed uneasily; he was scarcely in a jovial frame of mind.

"I suppose you know what I want you for?"

"I suppose I do—if you put it in that uncomfortable sort of way. But, my dear sir, if you will allow me to explain."

"You can make a statement at your own risk, and I shall take it down. But perhaps first you'd better hear the warrant read?"

"The warrant!" Mr. Bidder stared.

"The warrant."

"You don't mean to say there has been a warrant taken out already?"

"I don't know what you call already. The warrant has been out three months."

"Three months! Why, the thing has only just occurred!"

The detective gave quite a start.

"You don't mean to say you've been up to any of your tricks already?"

"My tricks, sir! What on earth do you mean?"

"I don't want to have any talk with you. We expected you over three months ago; we're not so fast asleep as some of you fellows seem to think. I don't know how it was I missed you at Liverpool, but I was on your track directly afterward, and you only slipped me at Euston by the skin of your teeth."

By this time it began to dawn upon Mr. Bidder that a certain amount of confusion existed either in his or in the detective's mind.

"Will you be so good as to tell me who and what you take me for?"

"I'm going to arrest you on the charge of bringing over an infernal machine from America to England."

"An infernal machine!" gasped Mr. Bidder.

"From information received I believe the thing is called a dynamite portmanteau."

"A dynamite portmanteau!" Mr. Bidder turned to the portmanteau on the floor. "You don't mean to say that this—that that fellow's portmanteau—Good heaven! you don't mean to say that this apparently innocent-looking piece of luggage is a dynamite portmanteau?"

"Is that the article? What's that noise?"

"It's—it's the portmanteau!"

"You infernal villain! you don't mean that you've set it going!"

The detective made a bolt for the door, dragging Mr. Bidder with him. He flung it open, but he was just too late to get outside, for there was a vivid flame, a blinding smoke, a loud report, and the next thing Mr. Bidder and the detective were conscious of was that they were lying on the top of the landing in the center of a crowd of excited people.

"They're not dead," said some one.

"Nor likely to die," exclaimed a voice at Mr. Bidder's side, and the detective staggered to his feet. Mr. Bidder felt that he would rather lie a little longer where he was. The detective pulled himself together.

"I'm a detective. There's been an explosion. This man has tried to blow the place up with an infernal machine."

"I protest," cried Mr. Bidder, struggling to stand up straight to deny the charge. The detective, thrusting his fingers into the collar of his shirt so as to almost choke him, nipped his denial in the bud.

"Are there any constables here?"

"Heaps," replied one of the by-standers. "The house is full of them, and the street as well."

As a matter of fact a couple of constables immediately advanced.

"You know me?"

"You're Mr. Humes, sir. We know you very well."

"Is there an inspector here?"

"Inspector, sir, is down-stairs."

"I'll go down to him. See that no one goes inside that room; for all I know there may be another explosion still to come."

Mr. Humes went down; Mr. Bidder went with him—with Mr. Humes' fingers in his collar. In the hall they encountered an inspector. The trio adjourned to a little room upon one side. Here they were immediately joined by the manager of the hotel.

"What is the meaning of this?" inquired that gentleman.

"It means that this man has brought an infernal machine over from America and exploded it in your hotel."

"It is false!" grasped Mr. Bidder. "Officer, I insist upon your taking your hand away from my throat."

Mr. Humes nodded to the inspector; the inspector put his hand into his pocket. In an instant Mr. Bidder had a pair of handcuffs on his wrists. Then Mr. Humes removed his fingers.

Mr. Bidder was almost inarticulate with rage. He put great pressure on himself in order to retain a degree of self-control.

"You are making a hideous mistake. I tell you I know no more about what has occurred than you do."

"I suppose the thing went off before you meant it to; and that you didn't intend to be right on top of it when it did go off, I can easily believe."

Mr. Humes smiled at his auditors.

"The thing went off before I meant it to! I am James Bidder, of the firm of Bidder, Tuxwell & Harris, of Birkenhead. If you will let me get at my pockets, I will give you proof of every word I say."

"You can do that equally well at the station," said Mr. Humes.

"You had better take him the back way," suggested the inspector. "There's an ugly crowd in front." He pointedly addressed himself to Mr. Bidder: "If they got hold of you, they might tear you to pieces."

"Tear me to pieces!"

"Dynamite's not popular in an English crowd."

"But, my dear sir, I tell you that the whole thing—"

"Come along; we've had enough of that." Mr. Humes opened the door. He spoke to the constable without. "Get me a cab round at the back."

"There's one, sir, waiting for you already."

"All right. Come along, now."

Mr. Bidder went along, escorted by the guardians of the law. It seemed to him that he was in a dream. He was too bewildered to be entirely master of his thoughts, but a hazy idea presented itself to his mind—what a subject to ventilate in the "Times." He would have deemed it incredible that any respectable man, entirely innocent of anything but a deep-rooted abhorrence of any sort of crime, could have been subjected to the indignities which were being heaped upon him then. When they reached the door they found that a hansom cab was waiting them in the street. It was a little narrow street, not too well lighted. There were a few loiterers about, but nothing in the shape of an ugly crowd. When Mr. Humes saw it was a hansom, he drew back.

"Why didn't you get a four-wheeler?" he asked.

"There wasn't one to be had."

Without another word the detective hurried Mr. Bidder across the little strip of pavement. When they were seated, he gave the direction to the driver, "Bow Street Police Station," and the cab was off.

"If any one had told me," said Mr. Bidder, who found it impossible to keep still, "that a person in my position could have been the victim of such a blunder as this, I should have been prepared to stake all that I possess in the world on the fact that the man was lying."

"That's right. Pitch a yarn or two, only don't throw them away on me."

"A dynamite portmanteau!"

"Just so—a dynamite portmanteau."

"I never heard of such a thing."

"I don't suppose you ever did."

"What we hear about the blunders of the foreign police is nothing compared to this."

"I dare say you know more about the foreign police than I do."

"Sir!"

"Now, then, sit still. Stop that! What on earth— Driver!"

To this day Mr. Bidder does not know exactly what it was that happened. They were going up a narrow, ill-lighted street; suddenly some one sprung off the pavement and leaped at the horse's head; this person was followed by others, dark figures seen dimly in the night. They did something to the horse; the animal swerved violently to one side; the hansom was overturned. Mr. Bidder was conscious that it fell on one side, with him inside it, then consciousness forsook him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Too Many Already.

Algy—"Do you think, my love, that your father will consent to our marriage?" Angel—"Of course, papa will be very sorry to lose me, darling." Algy—"But I will say to him that, instead of losing a daughter he will gain a son." Angel—"I wouldn't do that, love, if you really want me. Papa has three such sons staying here now, and he's a little touchy on the point."

FIG. 94.—No. 4741.—MISSES' DRESS. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (42-inch plaid silk) for 10 years, 3⅞ yards; 11 years, 3⅞ yards 12 years, 4 yards; 13 years, 4½ yards; 14 years, 5 yards; 15 years, 5¼ yards.

Quantity of Material (21-inch plain silk) for 10, 11 years, 2 yards; 12, 13 years, 2½ yards; 14, 15 years, 2¼ yards.

For the medium size, ⅝ of 18-inch velvet, and 2 yards of ribbon velvet will be required.

FIG. 94.—Pattern No. 4741, price 25 cents, affords a stylish frock for soft goods like cashmere, etc., with a trimming of velvet, buttons, and a guimpe of surah or China silk, or white fabrics like nainsook which is used for all kinds of dresses of silk or woolen materials. The skirt is full as they must be in order to be graceful, and gathered to the edge of the waist, with a border trimming of rows of different widths of velvet ribbon above the hem. The waist is round in the back, and slightly pointed in front in the quaint Elizabethan style. The neck is cut rou[illegible] with folds on each side to the point, ins[illegible] which there are pieces of velvet, appe[illegible] held by buttons, which also taper to the point. The centre is taken up with a V-shaped plastron of silk, matching the guimpe, which is shirred in several rows to form an erect ruffle. The sleeves are merely short, full puffs, banded with velvet ribbon. The guimpe forms a yoke gathered in several rows around the neck to form an erect ruffle, which should be doubled—not hemmed. The sleeves are of the full shirt shape, shirred at the wrists to match the neck.

"aman's Estimates of Women.

A woman writer in the Chicago *Herald* says: "Women are either the noblest creation of God or the meanest. A good woman is little less than an angel, a bad woman is considerably more than a devil. And by bad women I do not mean women who drink, or who steal, or frequent brothels. The chief weapon of a bad woman is her tongue. With a lie she can do more deadly work than the fellow in the bible did ewith the jaw-bone of an ass. Untruth s sthe fundamental strata of all evil in a bad twoman's nature, and with it she is more to be dreaded than many men with revolvers. There is absolutely no protection from a lie. The courts cannot protect from its venom, and to kill a defamer and a falsifier is not yet adjudged as legalized murder."

1890 "TRUTH'S" 1891

Annual Holiday Bible Competition.

NO. 21.

The Greatest List of Prizes ever offered by any publisher in the world. Free Trip to Europe, Pianos, Gold Watches, Silk Dresses, Rings, Ladies' Fine Boots, Slippers, etc.,

THE REWARDS ARRANGED IN FIFTEEN DIVISIONS INSTEAD OF THREE AS HERETOFORE.

According to the usual custom for years past, the proprietor of TRUTH now offers the Annual Bible Competition. The prizes named below are all of the best material and workmanship. The Silverware is the best full Quadruple Plate direct from those reliable manufacturers, The Toronto Silver Plate Co. The Pianos are from the best makers in Canada and the States. The Gold Watches are all first class, warranted goods, the movements being either Waltham or Elgin. The Swiss Gold Watches are of the best manufacture. The Sewing Machines are the latest improved, and have always given great satisfaction to our friends. The Silks and Cashmeres are imported direct, and of a quality unsurpassed at the value placed upon them. The Ladies' Boots and Slippers, as well as the Gentlemens' Slippers, are made by the firm of J. D. King & Co., which is a sufficient guarantee of their excellence. The Guns and Rifles are from the Chas. Stark Co., who import and handle only reliable goods. The Gold Thimbles are of the best English manufacture in twelve carat gold. The Silver Thimbles are also of the best quality. The Free Trip to Europe will be first class by the Allan Line from Montreal, any time within six months after close of this competition on Jan. 31st, '91. The other prizes named in the list are of the best class, and can be depended on to be as represented. Nothing will be offered but thoroughly first class goods in every respect. This can positively be relied on.

Here are the questions, both of which must be answered correctly to secure any prize. Where in the Bible are the following words first found, 1. COLD. 2. FROST. Send ONE DOLLAR with your answers and TRUTH will be mailed you for four months. You can compete any number of times, sending One Dollar each time and TRUTH will be sent for four months to any address post free. Three dollars is the annual subscription price, you therefore pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these prizes, and every subscriber acknowledges that TRUTH is extra good value for the money.

The distribution has been so arranged that if your answers are correct, no matter at what time, between now and the 31st January next, inclusive, you send in, you will be in a better position than ever before to secure one of those rewards, although the best prizes, as will be seen, go to those whose answers are received first.

FIRST REWARDS.

First, One Very Fine Toned and Well Finished **Square Piano**, by Steck & Co.... $600
Second, One First-Class **Safety Bicycle**, Ball Bearings, a superior machine.... $120
Next Six Each an Extra Quadruple Silver Plate, Double Walled **Ice Pitcher**, $15. $90
Next Twelve Each, a Pair **Ladies Fine Dongola Kid**, Hand Sewed, Turned Soled **Boots**, any size, $6..... $72
Next Twenty-Four, Each a Child's Extra Quadruple Silver Plated Set, **Knife, Fork and Spoon**, in Fine Satin Lined Case, $3..... $72
Next Twenty-Five, Each a Well Bound Vol. 1889 **Chambers' Journal**, $1.50...$37.50

SECOND REWARDS.

First Two, a Morocco Bound, 119 Plates, Gilt, Volume of 182 pages, of **Birds of North America**, the finest work of the kind yet published, sold at $75.... $150
Next Three, **Fine Family Sewing Machine**, with all latest improvements, solid walnut case, hand polished, retailed at $70..... $210
Next Three, Each a Fine Double Barrelled English **Breach Loading Shot Gun**, top action, pistol grip, rebounding locks, solid walnut stock, twist barrels, $30..... $90
Next Six, Each a Lady's **Fine Gold Watch**, hunting case, beautifully engraved, Waltham Movement, stem winding, pinion set, full jewelled, $50.. $300
Next Fifteen, Each an Elegant **Breakfast Cruet**, extra quadruple plate, hand painted bottles, very neat, $4..... $60

THIRD REWARDS.

First Six, an Extra Quadruple Plate **Silver Tea Service**, (4 pieces), satin finish, a beautiful set, $40..... $240
Next Three, Each a Colts New Lightning **Magazine Rifle**, sixteen shots, a magnificent fire arm, $25..... $75
Next Twelve, Each a Ladies' Fine White **Evening Shawl**, very pretty and serviceable, $3..... $36
Next Four, Each a Fine **China Dinner Service**, (100 pieces,) an extra choice design, $35..... $140
Next Thirteen, Each a Pair of Excellent **Steel Scissors**, $2..... $26
Next Twenty-five, each a Lady's handsome **Sterling Silver Lace Pin**, $2.... $50

FOURTH REWARDS.

First Five, each a Gentlemen's **Hunting Case Gold Watch**, extra heavy cases, beautifully engraved, non-magnetic, Waltham Movement, full jewelled, pinion set, stem winder, $50..... $250
Next Twenty-five, Each a well bound Volume **Chambers' Journal**, a most excellent work, $1.50..... $37.50
Next Thirty, Each a Handsome Quadruple Plate, fine glass, **Butter Dish**, $3. $90
Next Twenty-one, each a Fine **Solid Gold Stiffened Thimble**, (any size), $5..... $105

FIFTH REWARDS.

First One, a **First Cabin Ticket to England and Return**, via Allan Line ... $150
Next Twelve, Each a Pair **Gentlemen's Slippers**, hand painted, turned soles, $3..... $36
Next Five, each a beautifully chased full Quadruple Plate, **Satin Finish, Waiters** or **Salvers**, $10..... $50
Next Twenty-four, each a very fine solid nickle straight line lever **Genius Watch**. This watch is well constructed and **an exact time piece**, and no way to be compared with cheap nickle watches, $6..... $144
Next one, a French music box, plays ten airs, Harp, Harmonica and Piccolo, changes air at will, in handsome Rosewood case, with inlaid cover, size about 24 inches by 10 square, $60..... $60
Next six, each a handsome hand painted, brass finish, **Drawing Room Lamp**, $6 $36

SIXTH REWARDS.

First Five each a fine Black Corded **Silk Dress** length, $25..... $125
Next Fifteen, each **one dozen** full **Quadruple Plate Tea Spoons**, $5..... $75
Next Ten, each a beautifully bound **Family Bible**, with concordance, maps, engravings, dictionary, and magnificently illustrated, $15..... $150
Next Six, each a full quadruple plate **Berry Dish**, with beautifully colored and white glass bowl, a very showy, choice article, $15..... $90
Next Twelve, each a pair **Ladies' Fine Dongola Kid Slippers**, with handsome rosette trimming, $3..... $36

SEVENTH REWARDS.

First Twelve, each a set o half doz. extra full quadruple silver plated **Table Spoons**, $5..... $60
Next Twelve, each a set of half dozen of extra full quadruple silver plate **Dessert Spoons**, $4.50..... $54
Next Twelve, each a set of one dozen extra full quadruple silver plate **Dinner Knives**, in neat case, $10..... $120
Next Twelve, each a set of one dozen extra full quadruple silver plate **Tea Knives**, in neat case, $8..... $36
Next Twelve, each a set of one dozen extra full quadruple **Plate Tea Spoons**, $5.. $60

EIGHTH REWARDS.

First six, each a **Ladies'** Open Face, **Solid**, Plain **Gold Swiss Watch**, stem winding, a beautiful little watch and good time keeper, $30..... $180
Next six, each a **Gentlemen's Gold Open Face Watch**, Waltham movement, exact time piece, $50..... $300
Next six, each a **Ladies' Gold Hunting Case Swiss Watch** a reliable timer, $40 $240
Next fifty, each a **Ladies' Fine Solid Silver Thimble**, $1.50..... $75
Next six, each a Fine Quadruple Silver Plate Combined **Sugar Bowl and Spoon Holder**, with one dozen Tea Spoons, of same quality, $12..... $72

NINTH REWARDS.

First, One very Fine Toned and Finished **Square Piano**, by reliable maker ... $600
Second, One First Class **Safety Bicycle**, ball bearings, a superior machine..... $110
Next six, each an Extra Quadruple Silver Plate, double Rolled **Ice Pitcher**, $15 $90
Next twelve, each a pair **Ladies' Fine Dongola Kid**, hand sewed, turned soled **Boots**, any size, $6..... $72
Next twenty-four, each a **Child's** Extra Quadruple Silver Plated Set, **Knife, Fork and Spoon**, in fine Satin Lined Case, $3..... $72
Next twenty-five, each a well bound volume 1889 **Chambers' Journal**, $1.50 $37.50

TENTH REWARDS.

First six, each an Extra Quadruple Plate **Silver Tea Service**, 4 pcs., satin finish, a beautiful set, $40..... $240
Next three, each a Colt's New Lighining **Magazine Rifle**, sixteen shots, a magnificent firearm, $25..... $75
Next twelve, each a Ladies' Fine White Evening Shawl, very pretty and serviceable, $3..... $36
Next four, each a Fine **China Dinner Service**, (100 pcs), an extra choice design, $35..... $110
Next thirteen, each a pair of Excellent **Steel Scissors**, $2..... $26
Next twenty-five, each a Ladies' Handsome **Sterling Silver Lace Pin**, $2..... $50

ELEVENTH REWARDS.

First five, each a Fine Black Corded, **Silk Dress** length, $25..... $125
Next fifteen, each **One doz. Quadruple Plate Tea Spoons**, extra quality, $5.. $75
Next ten, each a beautifully Bound **Family Bible**, with concordance, maps, Engravings, dictionary and magnificently illustrated $15..... $150
Next six, each a Full Quadruple Plate **Berry Dish**, with beautifully colored and white cut glass bowl, a very showy, choice article $15..... $90
Next twelve, each a pair **Ladies' Fine Dongola Kid Slippers**, with handsome rosette trimming, $3..... $36

TWELFTH REWARDS.

First six, each a **Ladies'** open face, **Solid** plain **Gold Swiss Watch**, stem winding, a beautiful little watch and good time keeper, $30..... $180
Next six, each a **Gentlemen's Gold Open Face Watch**, Waltham movement, exact time piece, $50..... $300
Next six, each a **Ladies' Gold Hunting Case Swiss Watch**, a reliable timer, $40 $240
Next fifty, each a **Ladies' Fine Solid Silver Thimble**, $1.50..... $ 75
Next six, each a Fine Quadruple Silver Plated, combined **Sugar Bowl and Spoon Holder**, with one dozen Tea Spoons, $12..... $ 72

THIRTEENTH REWARDS.

First five, each a **Gentlemen's Hunting Case Gold Watch**, extra heavy cases, beautifully engraved, Waltham movement, full jewelled, non-magnetic, pinion set, stem winder, $50..... $250
Next twenty-five, each a well bound volume **Chambers' Journal**, 1889, a most excellent book, $1 50..... $37 50
Next thirty, each a handsome Quadruple Plate, and Fine Glass **Butter Dish**, $3, $90
Next twenty-one, each a Fine **Solid Gold Stiffened Thimble**, (any size,) $5..... $105

FOURTEENTH REWARDS.

First Twelve, each a set of half dozen of extra full quadruple silver plate **Table Spoons**, $5..... $60
Next Twelve, each a set of half dozen of extra full quadruple silver plate **Dessert Spoons**, $4.50..... $54
Next Twelve, a set of one dozen extra full quadruple silver plate, **Dinner Knives** in neat case, $10..... $120
Next Twelve, each a set of one dozen extra full quadruple silver plate **Tea Knives**, in neat case, $8..... $96
Next Twelve, each a set of one dozen extra full quadruple **Plate Tea Spoons**, $5..... $60

FIFTEENTH REWARDS.

First one, a **Morocco Bound, Handsomely Gilt** volume of 182 pages, of **Birds of North America**, the finest of the kind published, $75..... $75
Next three, **Fine Family Sewing Machine**, with all the latest improvements, solid walnut case, hand polished, retailed at $70..... $21
Next three, each a double barrelled English **Breach Loading Shot Gun**, top action, pistol grip, rebounding locks, solid walnut stock, best twist barrels, $30..... $90
Next six, each a **Ladies' Fine Gold Watch Hunting Case**, beautifully engraved, Waltham movement, stem winding, pinion set, full jewelled, $50..... $300
Next fifteen, each an **Elegant Breakfast Cruet**, extra Quadruple Plate, hand painted Bottles, very neat, $4..... $60

Be prompt! don't delay! It is best always to *be as early as possible* in sending in your answers. Be sure they are right, for no corrections can be made after your answers are mailed—unless you send the correct answers and another dollar and have your subscription extended and the paper sent to some friend. From among this great list you can hardly fail to get something good, IF YOU SEND IN QUICKLY.

These competitions have been going on for the past eight years, and their fairness and reliability have never been questioned. Fully sixty thousand people have voluntarily testified to this, and to the value of the articles received. Over 175,000 persons have obtained prizes in previous competitions. Here are a few names of winners of pianos in recent competitions: Mrs. H. H. Nelles, London South, Ont.; Rosa Brighton, Berlin, Ont.; E. Worth, 56 Markham St., Toronto, Ont.; Ella Lancey, Petrolia, Ont.; Geo. Black, 11 East Ave. South, Hamilton, Ont.; Chas. E. Hext, Brantford, Ont.; Miss Lizzie O'Reilley, 149 James St. South, Hamilton, Ont.; Mrs. W. Metcalfe, Hawkstone; Olivia Littlehales, Sussex, Yale, N. B., as well as scores of others in all parts of Canada.

Full lists of the Prize Winners will be published in TRUTH immediately at the close of the competition, (there will be no waiting) with street and number in cities where given, and post office addresses for town, village and country, so all may see just where the prizes go.

The distribution of the prizes will be in the hands of disinterested parties, and the prizes given strictly in the order the letters arrive at TRUTH office. Fifteen days after 31st January will be allowed for letters to reach us from distant points. Address, **S. FRANK WILSON, Truth, 39 to 51 Adelaide Street W., Toronto, Canada.**

B Box-Toed Parient.

Down where the redbreast calls her mate,
Down where the moonbeams kiss the fern,
Two lovers stand by the garden gate;
Her hand in his and his in her'n.
And they were happy and blithe and gay,
Mooning and spooning the hours away.

The bulrush bobs in the bustling breeze,
The crickets chirp and racoons roam,
The ring-doves roost in the rustling trees,
And the moon looks down thro' the ghosting gloom,
On a fair young face upturned to his,
It is blushing red—he is takling "biz."

Adown the smooth, flower-bordered walk,
A box-toed parient creeps apace;
He drinks in awhile the whispered talk,
Then plants his foot in the lavender base,
Of proud young Romeo's Sunday vear,
And drives his spine clear thro' his hair.

Mistress: "So I hear you re engaged to be married, Sarah?"—Maid: "Well, [illegible] acely, mum. But I have had the [illegible] fusal of an offer from a master-carpenter and I think, please, mum, I ought to accept it."

How to cure Indigestion:—Chew [illegible] Tutti Frutti Gum [illegible]

Ladies' Journal,

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, FASHION, ETC.

NOVEMBER, 1890.

Printed and Published by S. FRANK WILSON, 59 to 65 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, at $1.00 per year, or 50c for six months.

OUR PATTERNS.

Any pattern illustrated in these pages can be obtained by addressing S. FRANK WILSON, Publisher, 59 to 65 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. Always remit price of pattern with order

REVIEW OF FASHION.

Now that the fall season is fairly upon us, the shops are full of handsome plaid, striped. and silken goods, which are plainly described in "Seasonable Fabrics," and modiste is busy with street and house gowns, which our readers share when looking over "Street Costumes" and "Fall-Dress Toilettes." The busy mother and housewife will seek assistance in the "Children's Department" and "Home Decorations."

Many an economical woman will remodel her fall suit of last year according to the plain, practical hints given in "Home Dressmaking," while those having time for fancy work will enjoy the many pretty things constantly appearing in "Domestic Art" and "Knitting and Crochet." Thus we aim at assisting every woman in every place and upon all occasions with practical directions, not disdaining at the same time to touch upon the unobtainable which is always charming, until we have it.

A new k nd of a dressing for the neck consists of a Medici collar of lace, wired around the edges to keep it erect. This is set on a low V-cut bodice filled in with a lace chemisette, which is also low in the neck, but tied at the neck and over the bust with lace straps, thus removing the appearance of a low-neck bodice.

One lovely evening gown, in a soft, silken black material, has the entire front composed of fringes of black jet beads, be-sprinkled with turquoise-blue beads (just now the height of fashion in Paris) with a butterfly of the two-colored beads forming the front of the bodice, the point of the wings reaching to each shoulder, and fastened there by fancy-headed pins of jet and turquoise on one, and a few blue and black ostrich tips on the other. A white silk dinner-gown for a young lady has jacket fronts of white Suede kid, edged and trimmed with gilt drops and gimp.

Long polonaises of striped cheviot, cloth silk, etc., have a princesse back and sides, with the back laid in round or organ pleats below the waist-line, with a slightly draped skirt front opened on one side over a panel of contrasting goods. The bodice front is pointed and has a V filled in with flannel fabric and large sleeves to correspond. Princesse gowns are convenient for wearing under the close fitting ulsters and long cloaks and, as they do not show, may be of bright colors rendering them pretty house gowns when the cloak is removed.

Fancy odd jackets of maize silk, trimmed with black lace, have alternate rows of fine tucking and feather-stitching in black silk round the neck, basque, and at the back of each sleeve. There are others in cream, pale blue, delicate lilac, and blush pink. All have ribbon round the waist, tying over and falling to the ground. Another house dress for the fall is of white cloth, with the skirt slashed in three places in front, and apparently buttoned down with large gold buttons. The vest and high sleeves are covered with gold braiding, and the coat-tail basque has buttons on the front and back. The whole is so well blended that there is no suggestion of gaudiness.

A neat bodice design has a coat-tail back sufficiently long to sit upon, with a rounded point having the outer fronts without darts, lapped at the waist-line, and the fullness shirred along the shoulder-seam so as to form a doubled ruffle, with a V and collar of velvet. The sleeves are high at the shoulders. A new sleeve has the upper edge doubled and shirred so as to form an erect ruffle, which is laid over the arm-size in place of sewing in it, leaving the ruffle as a frill all around, which is remarkably becoming to a slender figure.

Another pretty bodice has a point, back and front, and a plastron shirred around the neck, which shows where the bodice is cut from a wide V, with the fronts meeting over the bust and then cut out again to show the plastron sloping to the point. The edges of the bodice along the V and from the narrow points meeting over the bust to the point, are trimmed with gimp. Some pretty tea-gowns are of black surah, with full sleeves, Medici collars, and loose fronts of pink, heliotrope, yellow or faint green China silk veiled in black net.

A house gown of heliotrope surah has three insertions of black lace across the front, while the back is covered with one deep flounce of black lace. The sleeves are of the same lace, and the neck is finished with a turn-over frill of lace, continuing down the front of the bodice as a jabot. Dinner-gowns for young ladies are of silk chiffon or brocaded crepe made up over taffeta silk, with half-low, round waists, and puffed elbow sleeves. The belt and shoulder knots are of velvet ribbon caught with buckles of paste diamonds.

Black lace sleeves over black silk are worn with gay silk gowns for light mourning. The lace is jetted and may form one or two panels edged with a jet fringe. Jet gimp trims the wrists, collar, and folds from the shoulder, which end at the point under a bodice buckle. Velvet-dotted black net is made up over black or colored silk and trimmed with black velvet ribbon rows and rosettes. The skirt is round and full, the sleeves high, and the bodice pointed, with dartless fronts. Fine jet, gold and jet, turquoise and tinsel, or jet gimps are now used on black lace, net grenadine, and silk gowns.

A skirt for two materials has a fan pleated back, with three kilt pleats on the left side and a panel of contrasting goods laid in fine kilt pleats, on the right side. The front hangs long on the left and drapes high on the right side, half concealing the panels, and is caught with a buckle. All skirts are full, though straight, and the sides usually differ, as they have done for several seasons.

FIG. 65.—No. 4739.—LADIES' COSTUME.
PRICE 35 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 30, 32, 34, 36, inches, 15 yards; 38, 40 inches, 16 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30, 32, 34, 36 inches, 7½ yards; 38, 40 inches, 8 yards.

If made of material illustrated, 4¾ yards of figured goods, 5⅜ yards of 21 silk, 3 yards of narrow ribbon velvet, and ½ of a yard of extra wide velvet for the collar will be required.

FIG. 65—The dressy gown displayed in this illustration may be of three materials, or less, though the former number are shown with excellent taste. The design is from Pattern No. 4839, price 35 cents, and represents many of the fashionable features of the day. The back is gracefully arranged with a stylish effect, and may be seen in another portion of the Magazine, while the front is of the plain goods, draped in a few folds high on the sides, to break the severely plain look it would otherwise have. The jabot pleating may be of silk or plain woolen goods like the front, and is knife-pleated to obtain the desired full effect. The sides are draped at the top above cabbage rosettes, or *choux* of the material used for the front, and should be faced with the plain fabric, as they fall so as to show the inner part. The basque front opens invisibly, forms three rounding points, and has a vest of the plain goods laid in narrow pleats. The sleeves are very full at the top, and are opened up the side of the wrist. The neck is finished with the usual collar, which in the illustration is covered with a Henri II. ruff, as described in "Lingerie."

Hints for the Household.

One tablespoonful of butter is one ounce.

Don't use a sponge or linen rag for your face; choose instead a flannel one.

Four tablespoonfuls of liquid make one wineglassful, or two ounces.

To clean lamp tops and burners, take common salt and strong vinegar mixed, and rub them well, then rinse in soapsuds and rub dry; they will look like new ones.

Clear boiling water will remove tea stains and many fruit stains. Pour the water through the stain and thus prevent it spreading over the fabric.

New papering and painting should generally be done in the fall and the house kept well lighted, or the best white paints will turn yellow and fancy colors will lose their brightness.

Lobsters may be scalloped like oysters. Put into a buttered dish; spread fine bread crumbs and lobsters in alternate layers, having the last layer crumbs. Add bits of butter, pepper and salt; moisten with milk and bake.

A good remedy for red hands is to take one ounce of glycerine, half an ounce of rose water and as much tanning as will stay on a ten-cent piece, and mix thoroughly; apply at night.

To a pair of shoes that have become stiff and uncomfortable by constant wear in the rain apply a coat of vaseline, rubbing it in well with a cloth, and in a short time the leather will become as soft and pliable as when it was taken from the shelves of the shoe dealer.

People in the country who are annoyed by flies should remember that clusters of the fragrant clover, which grow abundantly by nearly every roadside, if hung in the room and left to dry and shed its faint, fragrant perfume through the air, will drive away more flies than other fly traps and fly paper can ever collect.

DELICIOUS VELVET MUFFINS.—Sift one quart of flour with a level teaspoonful of salt in it. Rub into the flour thoroughly four ounces of butter. Mix it with one teacupful of good yeast and as much fresh milk as will make a very stiff batter. Beat four eggs separately, very light, stir these in and set in a moderately warm place to rise. In three hours it will be sufficiently light. Bake in old-fashioned muffin rings.

To make delicious grape wine take twenty pounds of grapes, place in a stone jar; pour over them six quarts of boiling water, and when cool squeeze them with the hand; after which let them stand three days with a cloth over them, then squeeze out the juice and add ten pounds of granulated sugar, and let it remain a week longer in the jar; then take off the scum, strain and bottle, leaving a vent until done fermenting, when strain again and bottle tight.

To avoid the odor which too often fills the house when cabbage or other green vegetables are boiling follow these simple directions: Put your cabbage in a net, and when you have boiled it five minutes in the first pot of water lift it out, drain for a few seconds and place carefully in a second pot, which you must have full of fast-boiling water on the stove. Empty the first water away, and boil your cabbage till tender in the second.

Don't fail to read our Census Competition on another page.

LITERARY NOTES.

P. T. Barnum is developing a strong taste for literary work, and he is busy nearly every day writing a series of articles to be published in the forthcoming numbers of *The Ladies Home Journal*. The great showman is said to write very easily and fluently, his manuscript showing but few corrections.

Good Housekeeping for September 27 opens with a valuable paper on "The Use and Care of Shoes"; having also special articles in relation to the toilet, window-gardening, wedding gifts and amateur entertainments, in addition to the recipes and suggestions for the benefit of the housekeeper, with which it always abounds. Mrs. Campbell has also a second paper in answer to the question "Why is there Objection to Domestic Service?" Clark W. Bryan & Co., Springfield, Mass.

Among the most notable of recent contributions to the *North American Review* is the article in the October number in which the Rt. Hon. John Morley replies to Mr. Balfour's late *Review* article on the Irish Land Bill. This article, representing the opinion of the Bill held by English Liberals, will complete a discussion of this important subject such as has taken place in no other periodical in the world: the Irish view having been expounded by Mr. C. S. Parnell in the June number, and the Conservative view by Mr. Balfour in the July number.

W. Clark Russell, famous for his delightful sea-stories, and author of "The wreck of the Grosvenor," "Marooned," etc., contributes the complete novel to the October number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. The story is entitled "A Marriage at Sea," and is a tale of love and adventure upon the deep. It is impregnated with that buoyant air and sea-flavor which lend a peculiar charm to Mr. Russell's stories, and makes them as refreshing to the mind as is a dip in the ocean to the body. Clean, healthful, invigorating, Clark Russell's stories are the best antidote to the morbid novels which are at present inundating the market.

Dealing with the same question, what shall we eat? but from the limited standpoint of economy in cooking, not overlooking, however, the considerations of palatableness and healthfulness, is "The Home-made Cook Book," a handy and cheap volume of 230 pages, published by W. Bryce, Toronto. The recipes, of which there are between eleven and twelve hundred, are composed chiefly for the benefit of persons of moderate and small means, and will be found of very great practical value to all housekeepers who find themselves in that situation. With the Home-Make Cook book at hand, the difficulty of securing variety of dishes, which so sorely puzzles many housekeepers will be solved, and without great expense.

The October *Arena* is a credit to Boston, progressive, wide awake, and scholarly. The table of contents embraces the names of many leading thinkers, among whom are Dr. George F. Shrady, of New York, who writes entertainingly and forcibly against the death penalty; Prof. James T Bixby, who discusses Cardinal Newman and the Catholic Reaction in his interesting and scholarly way. The No-Name paper is on the "Postmaster-General and the Censorship of Morals," and deals with the recent attempt on the part of the postal department to suppress Count Tolstoi's latest work, in a manner well calculated to arrest the attention of liberty-loving Americans. W. H. H. Murray pleads in his inimitable manner for an endowed press. Taken as a whole, the October *Arena* surpasses in excellence any issue of this able review that has yet appeared.

Noticeable in this month's *St. Nicholas* is the article "Through a Detective Camera," written by Mr. Black, the well-known amateur, and illustrated with characteristic bits of child life; the street scenes are as perfect as insects in amber; the hokey-pokey ice-cream man is a *genre* picture complete, and his Italian baby is a history of a down-trodden race in miniature. Frederic Villiers, the famous English war-correspondent, tells of his narrow escape from asphyxia, because of a "Copper Brazier" containing crude charcoal used in warming an inn room at a Servian hotel. Mr. Villiers's forcible and peculiar drawings fully illustrate his text. A real juvenile story is "Betty's By and By," in which Julie Lippmann tells a heedless heroine's experiences in that great rendezvous of procrastination. Mr. Bensell's quietly humorous drawing shows the youthful postponers engaged in squaring their accounts. Another story with a sly moral administered in a well-flavored medium is "The Gwynnes' Little Donkey," by Kate Woodbridge Michaelis. This tells of the substitution of a pet donkey for the overworked drudge of a tinker's cart. It is the sort of story that is sure to make young people think, and yet not set them to worrying.

Scribner's Magazine for October contains articles of life and adventure in unusual places and circumstances, as on a cable ship, in the Maine Lake region, and on board the "White Squadron" in port; others about interesting natural phenomena, like Professor Shaler's second paper, and the description of destructive sandwaves; articles of great practical value, like Mrs. Sylvanus Reed's paper on private schools for girls, and John W. Root's on Western city architecture; good fiction and poetry, and many rich illustrations. Herbert Laws Webb, who writes "With a Cable Expedition," was a member of the technical staff of a cable-ship, and from full experience describes the unique life on one of these vessels, which combines the "adventures of voyaging with operations demanding the highest scientific skill and knowledge, and with the most ingenious mechanical work." The narratives of deep-sea soundings, grappling for the lost cable, and landing a shore-end are among the most graphic features of the paper. The illustrations were made from photographs taken on a cable-steamer expressively for this article, and they show clearly the peculiar machinery used in the work. This article supplemenet the popular "Electric" series, which, by the way, is soon to be published in book form.

A new candidate for the favor of the reading public has arisen in the west, the *Chaperone*, a magazine published in St. Louis, and devoted to art, music, literature, science, home decoration, &c., &c. In the prospectus the publishers intimate that in order to encourage the "Mute Inglorious Miltons" to speak their columns will be open to all, the matter being chosen upon its merits, not the reputation of the writer, and that in order to suit all tastes and needs variety will be constantly sought. They promise, moreover, that the columns of the magazine will be kept strictly free from any literature that would in anyway contaminate, even by suggestion, the mind of the young. The initial number fully meets this declaration, having contributions from well-known pens as well as from persons who have yet to establish a reputation, and manifesting a variety that is really refreshing. No member of the household is overlooked—meat convenient being provided for each. The volume is freely illustrated, the letter press is good and the paper of superior quality. If the succeeding numbers do not fall behind this opening issue, the *Chaperone* will not fail to secure a constituency of delighted readers. Sub. $3.00 per annum. Address Chaperone, 217 Commercial Building, St. Louis.

The first article of a political nature that appears in the October *Forum* is—"The Decadence of New England," by ex-Secretary George S. Boutwell, whose aim is to show by statistics that the predicted decline of the New England States is wholly imaginary; that her manufactures have increased, as well as the value of her farm products and the value of her railroads, and that the total wealth is greater than ever before; and these facts Mr. Boutwell attributes to the protective tariff. "The Working of the New Silver Act" is by Prof. F. W. Taussig, of Harvard, who explains the practical operations of the new law and expresses less fear of unhealthful inflation than many other students of our financial system feel. The article is an explanation of the practical workings of financial legislation in general and of this new act in particular. Political in a more general sense is Edward Bellamy's "First Steps toward Nationalism," in which he lays down the Nationalist programme for immediate action. He would start at once with the governmental control of railroads, the telegraph, the coal mines, and the like, and by degrees extend the system. So also is the article by Thomas Magee, a close student of the Chinese, on "China's Menace to the World," wherein he shows his reasons for fearing the very rapid control by Chinamen of many of the great industries of the civilized world, by reason of their cheap living and their enduring qualities as laborers. He explains in detail many great ventures already undertaken by them, and he shows how they outstrip the world as farmers.

The conclusion of Mrs. Deland's "Sidney" occupies the first place in the *Atlantic* for October, and the final chapters have that intensity of feeling which is called forth by the statement of the theory of her story; namely, that love and self-sacrifice are the things which alone make life worth having. "Felicia" comes to a climax in the marriage of the heroine with a man, to whose occupation in life both she and all her friends strenuously object. Dr. Holme's "Over the Teacups" also relates to marrying and giving in marriage; and, moreover, describes a visit to a certain college for women, not a thousand miles from Boston. The first chapters of a forthcoming serial story by Frank Stockton are announced for next month. The other striking papers of the number are a consideration of Henrik Ibsen's life abroad and his later dramas, Mr. Fiske's "Benedict Arnold's Treason," Mr. J. K. Paulding's "A Wandering Scholar of the Sixteenth Century," Johannes Butzbach, —Mr. McCrackan's account of Altdorf and the open-air legislative assemblies which take place there, and Professor Royce's paper on General Fremont. Miss Jewett's Main sketch, "By the Morning Boat," and a poem by Miss Thomas on Sleep, should be especially remembered. The usual Contributors' Club, and several critical articles, one of which is a review of Jules Breton's "La Vie d'un Artiste," complete the issue. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

In *Harper's Magazine* for October Theodore Child's series of South American papers, which is attracting so general attention, is continued in an article on "Agricultural Chili," describing the farming resources of that country, methods of cultivation and irrigation, wine culture, wages of laborers, etc. The article is accompanied by fourteen illustrations from photographs, and from drawings by leading American artists. Julian Raph, in an article entitled "Antoine's Mooseyard" (illustrated by F. Remington), gives an interesting narrative of hunting adventures in the wilds of Canada. Joaquin Miller relates the story of a visit to the historic neighborhood of Sherwood Forest, and of some "Nights at Newstead Abbey" spent in the haunted bed-chamber of Lord Byron. This article is illustrated from photographs, and drawings by American artists. L. E. Chittenden gives a history of the "New Moneys of Lincoln's Administration," and George Ticknor Curtis contributes an interesting chapter of "Reminiscences of N. P. Willis and Lydia Maria Child." Daudet's "Port Tarascon," of which the fifth instalment appears in this number, still maintains its interest, while it is evident that a crisis is approaching in the fortunes of the hero. The usual number of illustrations by French artists add interest to the story. The short stories are by George A. Hibbard, Anna C. Brackett, A. B. Ward, S. P. McLean Greene, and Jonathon Sturges. Among the poems are six "Sonnets by Wordsworth," accompanied by eleven illustrations from drawings by Alfred Parsons; "The Dream of Phidias," by Rennell Rodd; and "An Autumn Song," by Nina F. Lavard.

After the spirited ballad of "Piping Jean," by Caroline D. Swan, which opens the October *Wide Awake*, the reader comes upon a good foot-ball story, a story of Phillips-Exeter Academy, written by Mrs. Adeline A. Knight, and entitled "John MacGregor's Lesson;" curiously enough, while this story describes a foot-ball game between this school and Phillips Academy at Andover, the chapters of Mr. Ward's serial, "The New Senior at Andover," chronicle a base-ball contest between the same two schools; the first story is illustrated from life photographs of a typical "team" of each school. Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford is at her splendid best in the war-story "One Good Turn." "An Adirondack Camp," by Margaret Sidney, is a breezy chronicle of a particularly jolly time had by some particularly jolly young people. "Jack and Æsop's Jackdaw," by Amos R. Wells, is one of the brightest of the School and Play-ground series of stories, while "The Scarlet Specter of Sandy Ridge," is perhaps the strongest yet of Miss McLeod's Acadian Old-Folk Lore tales. "Brer Lizard's Coats," by Martha Young, is a quaint bit of story such as Southern negroes like to tell. Alexander Black's "Camera Club" has seven fine photographs by amateurs. "A Quilt Expedition," by Henry Cleveland Wood, brings back to notice an old time species of sewing-work, and gives twenty-four popular counterpane designs. "A Story of 1812, Part I," by Olive Risley Seward, is a true story of Commodore Perry and an ancestor of the author. *Wide Awake* is $2.40 a year. D. Lothrop Company, Publishers, Boston.

The person who succeeds in removing from the question what shall we eat? any of the emphases with which millions are to-day asking it, must be accounted one of the greatest benefactors. This distinction has unquestionably been gained by Miss Mary Hinman Abel to whom the "Lomb Prize" of $500 has been awarded by the American Health Association for her essay on "Practical Sanitary and Economical Cooking." As the title imports the work discusses the requirements of the body from the standpoint of health, pointing out that certain food principles or elements are essential for carrying on the complex functions of the body, and indicating the amount of each element required at different stages of an individual's life as well as by persons employed in different callings. Then in order to render this knowledge practical the various kinds of food most commonly used are described in reference to the predominant food principle or element which they contain. The value of this will be readily seen. Without instruction as to what the body requires and a general knowledge of the component parts of the food we eat the even balance of our bodily needs will hardly be kept up. In these particulars therefore this little manual is invaluable. As respects the part of the work which deals with economic cooking, the recipes are all given with that end in view, and will no doubt be found of very great advantage to many housekeepers, who are struggling with the problem of how to live within their income. No popular treatise on this important subject that has hitherto appeared can compare with this essay, which should find a place in every home throughout the land.

A splendidly illustrated paper on "Henry M. Stanley: his Career and Achievements," by George C. Hurlbut, Secretary of the American Geographical Society, makes *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* for November an exceptionally interesting number. For a graphic review of Stanley's eventful career, and the Emin relief expedition in particular, from an American stand-point, Mr. Hurlbut's article surpasses anything that has as yet appeared on this fascinating topic of the day. In the same number Felix Oldboy propounds and answers the question, "Who was Charlotte Temple?" bringing forward some hypotheses and revelations which will startle the thousands of romance-lovers who have strewn flowers on the mysterious grave in the Trinity Church-yard, New York city. There are illustrated articles on: "Buenos Ayres," by Julian Stanley; "Coon-hunting in South Carolina," by H. M. Howard; "Great Pan-chulakah, the Western Niagara," by W. D. Lyman; "Some Copts in Old Cairo" (second paper), by A. L. Rawson; "The Empress Theodore," by A. C. Townsend; "A Vermont Island and its Inhabitants," by Nelly Hart Woodworth; and a "History of Human Habitations," by Marc F. Vallette. The half-dozen short stories are varied and interesting, and the poems "fit, though few." Among the art illustrations is a beautiful portrait of Dorothy Tennant, the English bride of Henry M. Stanley.

The October *Century* opens with a frontispiece portrait of Joseph Jefferson. The last installment of the autobiography accompanies the familiar face, an installment which the author considers the most important of all, perhaps because it contains, at considerable detail, his own final reflections upon the art of which he is an acknowledged master. It is doubtful whether such subtle and at the same time practical suggestions can be found elsewhere from a source so authoratative. Professor Darwin, of Cambridge, England, a worthy son of a great father, contributes a paper of high and original value on "Meteorites and the History Stellar Systems." A striking photograph of a nebula, in which a system like our own solar system seems to be in actual formation, accompanies this remarkable paper. A Hard Road to Travel Out of Dixie," is the accurate title of a paper in *The Century's* new war-prison series. The present contribution is by the well-known artist and illustrator, Lieut. W. H. Shelton, of New York. Mr. Shelton naturally furnishes his own illustrations for his own story of hardship and adventure. "Prehistoric Cave-Dwellings" is a profusely and strikingly illustrated paper by F. T. Bickford, on the prehistoric and ruined pueblo structures in Chaco Canon, New Mexico, the Canon de Chelly, Arizona—the ancient home of the most flourishing community of cave-dwellers,—and other extraordinary cave villages not now inhabited. The first article in the number is a pleasant travel sketch, "Out-of-the-Ways in High Savoy," by Dr. Edward Eggleston, fully illustrated by Joseph Pennell. Miss Helen Gray Cone contributes a paper on "Women in American Literature," in which she reviews the whole field of American female authorship —Miss Cone apologizing at the beginning for this separating the women writers from those of the opposite sex. In fiction the October number closes Mrs. Barr's story of "Olivia"; and gives a sketch by a new Southern writer (Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle), and a story by Miss Sarah Orne Jewett—both illustrated by Kemble.

The Ladies' Journal Edible Competition on another page is well worth perusal.

NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBORS.

By John Linkerton

CHAPTER I.

When Zenas Bortley moved from the city to a suburban village, in search of better air for the children and for his own asthmatic lungs, he told his wife that now she could have the pleasure of knowing her next-door neighbors—an experience she never had been granted in the city. Mrs. Bortley, born and reared in a thickly settled portion of the metropolis, believed her husband's statement, for had not Zenas always been a country boy until he came to New York to make his fortune? Had he not described to her, again and again, the ideal society of his native village of Grasshopper Falls, where everybody knew everybody else—where one man was as good as another so long as he earned his living, paid his bills, and went to church on Sunday, and where every woman was a lady if she had a black silk dress, no matter how plain, in which to receive calls? Had not Zenas' own mother, wife of the bookkeeper of the local lumber company, been asked by the congressman's wife to help entertain some distinguished guests from another state? And it had been so delightful when Mrs. Zenas had been ill or feeble, in her little flat in the city, to hear her husband tell how in the country any man whose wife was feeling poorly could borrow a neighbor's carriage or sleigh and take the dear woman out for an airing. Mrs. Zenas never had an outing except in a horse car, for her husband, though strong in affection and self-sacrifice, had but a small salary, and the olive branches, which were the family's only riches, always needed something which cost about as much as a carriage for an hour or two.

So the Bortleys went to the country, and a blessed change they found it. The children began to grow like weeds, their mother's cheeks became fuller of roses than the garden, and Zenas himself, though he was obliged to breakfast early and sup late in order to make a full day at the store in which he was entry clerk, found his asthma disappearing with unexpected rapidity. His cottage cost less per month than a city flat; he had a little garden which, thanks to his boyhood's experience, yielded many vegetables, which tasted better than any he had ever bought from a grocer; the children had a swing under an old apple tree, and rolled in the grass to their heart's content; the pastor of a church called after seeing the heads of the families in his congregation, and Zenas was invited to join the local club of his political party, and also to subscribe to a course of lectures to be delivered in the local academy of music during the following winter.

Yet Zenas was not happy. The neighborly affiliation which he had promised his wife did not come about. He waited for it a few weeks, for he was a dignified little fellow, and had some knowledge of the manners of good society, but when his wife reminded him that the summer had nearly passed and no one had called who had not some semi-business purpose, he informed himself, with a mighty pull at all his faculties, that something ought to be done. What most irritated him was that his next-door neighbor—a handsome woman whose husband, so the agent of Bortley cottage had said, would be obliged to be away from home for some time—had never called. Mrs. Maytham, the lady in question, was distinguished looking, as well as handsome; her house was a palace, compared with the house which Zenas had hired, and she drove almost daily behind a fine pair of horses. She was a good woman, too, or Zenas was no judge of human nature, and, as she had no children, the little man, who could not imagine that any one regarded boys and girls except with the adoration which he bestowed upon his darlings, was sure that if Mrs. Maytham could know his brood, she would in her loneliness have an unfailing source of consolation. As for Mrs. Bortley, Zenas' loyal soul profoundly pitied any one and every one who did not know that estimable woman

Yet the two women did not become acquainted. Mrs. Maytham did not call, and when Mrs. Bortley felt hurt, her husband suggested that, perhaps, the older resident was from one of the southern states, in which calls must first be made by newcomers upon the old families. Mrs. Bortley acted upon this suggestion, but was unfortunate to select an hour when her neighbor was out; she made a supplementary effort when her husband explained that country people usually became acquainted by borrowing small necessities from one another, but when Mrs. Bortley begged the loan of a cup of ground coffee one morning she saw only her neighbor's servant, and the same result attended the payment of the loan. In vain, too, did she display her children, who really were pretty and well dressed, when her neighbor walked alone through the well kept garden, which the Bortleys coveted for its rare display of flowers; Mrs. Maytham seemed to ignore the very existence of the well-behaved children, for whom an emperor might have been glad to exchange his crown.

Zenas, however, had no idea of giving up, and the unexpected lack of new acquaintances—a peculiarity of suburban villages—aided to his determination to know his nearest neighbor. While watering his late lettuce one Saturday afternoon, and felicitating himself upon his success during hot weather with this succulent but capricious vegetable, he suddenly climbed a tree and inspected his neighbor's kitchen garden. Just as he had suspected, the only lettuce there had run to seed. In a moment Zenas was upon the ground again, and pulling some finely blanched plants, which he took to his neighbor's kitchen door, saying to the cook:

"I hope I don't intrude, but good lettuce is scarce at this time of the year, and, as mine is very fine, I thought perhaps your mistress would enjoy some."

The servant took the crisp present without a word. After moving several steps toward home Zenas stopped suddenly to admire a brilliant clump of tritomas. As he stood gazing he heard a window blind open and a voice calling, in a low tone:

"Bridget!"

"Mem?"

"Who was that?"

"Misther Bortley, mem."

"The owner of that gang next door?"

"Yes, mem."

"Umph!" The last expression was emphasized by so vigorous a closing of the window blind that the catch fastened with a sharp snap. A moment before Zenas had felt bent as well as short; a moment after the wound to his pride had straightened him until, as he strode across the fence, he felt as tall as Goliath of Gath. He hastened to the house to tell his wife, but he checked himself; he adored that wife of his; he was always encompassing her with his love, that she might be shielded from the slings and darts of an unappreciative world; she should not know that any one had alluded to her and her nestlings as a "gang."

Yet his own heart grew sore as it was chafed by the word which could not be forgotten. The expression and the tone in which it was uttered came to him unbidden in his dreams and roused him from needed rest—came to him as he read the morning paper while dashing by rail to the city—came to him as he added columns of figures at his desk, and caused him to make some terrible blunders. "Gang!" Although he was a mild mannered man, and a member of the church beside, he came to regard his next door neighbor, woman and handsome though she was, with deadly hatred. So intense did his dislike become that he sat in his window one sultry moonlight night and gleefully beheld a stray cow enter the Maytham garden and do more damage than any florist could undo at that season. "Gang," indeed!

In fact it was more with joy than sorrow that one day Zenas learned, from a chance acquaintance on the train, that there were special reasons why Mr. Maytham would be away from home for some time, for the man was a defaulter, and fleeing from justice. The Bortleys agreed that it was providential that the families had not become acquainted, for although Zenas, like a good man, tried to pity sinners while he hated sin, he told his wife that a mere entry clerk with a family dependent upon him could not afford to be known as an acquaintance of a defaulter's family. Everybody seemed "down on" the Maythams; people said it was only because the house was in the wife's name that Mrs. Maytham had a roof over her head—that the couple had not lived there long, and never had become acquainted in the village anyway.

Though he still was full of bitterness, Zenas began to be interested anew in his handsome neighbor, for he never before had seen the wife of a criminal—one of Mrs. Maytham's class. Crimes had been committed at Grasshopper Falls, and wives of thieves and rowdies were too numerous, as occasional subscriptions for their relief showed, but they were a shabby, forlorn, characterless set, just like their husbands, while here, in the very next house to Zenas, was a criminal's wife who was handsome, self-contained, proud, apparently rich, and even scornful of the honest "Gang!"

Zenas thought of Mrs. Maytham until he became almost fascinated by her. His eye sought her each day as he left home and returned; finally, when he got his customary summer vacation of a fortnight he spent hours of each day in a hammock under the trees, looking slyly for Mrs. Maytham, and sauntered through her finely-kept grounds. He was sorry for her; he could understand why she did not care to make new acquaintances; he could not see anything in her face that indicated complicity in her husband's crime; he so pitied her in her loneliness and probable gloom that he prayed earnestly for her—he knew what he would he could not forget the tone in which she had called his adorable family a "gang."

CHAPTER II.

As the dog-days dragged on Zenas' hammock under the trees became more and more attractive as a lounging place, until finally the little man, who had often slept out of doors in the woods when he was a country boy, ventured to be young again and spend an occasional night in his hammock. The first effort was quite successful, but during the second night he was roused by an awful dream of an anaconda gliding through the grass near him, and causing a rustle such as any meandering anaconda could be depended upon to make. Starting up in affright beneath his low hanging covert of boughs, he saw what at first seemed really a huge serpent about to cross the fence and enter the Maytham estate; through well rubbed eyes, however, the monster resolved itself into a ladder, evidently brought from a house in course of building not far away. Of course, the ladder was not moving of its own volition; a man was under it.

Zenas was at once as wide awake as if no such condition as sleep had ever existed; he also was in abject terror, and was conscious of the outbreak of the cold sweat of which he often had heard, but never before experienced. What should he do? What could he do? Pshaw! Perhaps the man was a carpenter, who had been after a bit of his own property, to have it ready for use somewhere else. But no, the clock of one of the village churches struck 2 just then; it was impossible that any honest mechanic could be going to work at that time of night, brightly though the moon shone. Maybe the fellow was a fruit tree plunderer. Zenas had been warned to gather his own early pears if he did not wish the tree to be denuded some moonlight night by unbidden gatherers. Well, if the man were bent on stealing fruit from the Maytham place, let him steal; it was a shame such things should be, but Zenas was not one of the village's three policemen, and, as he would rather have his own single pear tree stripped than attack a midnight prowler, he could not be expected to protect his neighbor's property—the property of a neighbor who had called his family a "gang."

But, horror! The man was no fruit thief, for he had taken the ladder toward the Maytham house, placed it in the shadow cast by the moon, and stood motionless a moment, as if to rest. Evidently he was a burglar, and knew his business, for it was town talk that the Maytham house was expensively furnished, and contained much solid silver ware, beside a great deal of bric-a-brac, worth its weight in gold. Probably the windows, inside the blinds, were wide open—all country windows were during the dog-days. Let that ladder once be raised, and the thief at its top, and Zenas was sure that the frail blinds would prove no obstacle to the fellow's wicked designs.

But what could the unsuspected observer do? He could not move toward his own house without being seen and heard; even were he within his doors he had no firearms, no telephone, no burglar alarm. He might slip out, through the shadows, to his gate and thence to the local police station, nearly a mile away, but before an officer could come the robbery would be accomplished. Worse still, the fellow, flushed by success, might move the ladder across the fence and enter the Bortley home. True, Zenas owned no valuables except his wife and children, but the thought of a ruffian prowling about his sanctuary was not to be endured for an instant. Could he scare the fellow away by making a noise? Perhaps, but he had heard of burglars who ran right at a noise instead of away from it. Should the burglar attack him there would be nothing to do but give up the ghost at once, for his heart was already in his throat, and he felt unable to move hand or foot. And his life was insured for only $1000

Terror and excitement had made him so wild that exhaustion speedily followed, with its consequent apathy. Even his conscience followed the lead of his will and became utterly demoralized. It was too bad, on general principles, that a house should be robbed, but that particular house, probably furnished with the wages of Maytham's crime—well, the little man recalled without a bit of shame, and to his great satisfaction, the infamous old saying that "the second thief is the best owner." And really—this as his conscience attempted to rally—might not spoliation be a judgment upon the woman who had been so blind, insensate and brutal as to call the Bortley family—the larger and better part of it—a "gang"?

But why all this worry and terror? Probably the man was, after all, only a common fruit thief. Only a few feet from where the ladder had been stopped was a great tree of "strawberry" apples, which the Bortley children had been eyeing wistfully for a fortnight, as the blush on the fruit had deepened to crimson. Such apples commanded a high price, as Bortley had learned to his sorrow. Well, if the tree were robbed, his children would be delivered from further temptation: such trees were not safe when he was a boy. He recalled, with a wicked chuckle which was almost audible, how he once had braved bulldog and shotgun to despoil just such a tree. Perhaps a tree of apples might not seem worth much to that proud woman——

Just then the man began to raise the ladder, not to the apple tree, but against the side of the house. At the same instant Bortley's heart and head began to throb as if they would burst. He feared heart disease and apoplexy. He closed his eyes and tried to think of something else. What was in his mind a moment before? Oh, yes—that proud woman—woman—woman.

In an instant the little fellow slipped out of the hammock, and, with jaws tightly set and nerves and muscles like bundles of steel wires, had bounded across the fence and toward his neighbor's house. Short though the distance was he had time, as he ran, to realize that his wits had never before been so clear since the night he proposed to the angelic girl who afterward became his wife. The ladder had touched the wall, making considerable noise, but the burglar did not seem to mind this, for he already had a foot on the lowest round when Zenas, springing in front of him, gave the ladder a push and shake that threw it backward. The unknown man sprang off quickly, but in an instant Zenas had him by the throat, and bearing him backward, got him upon the ground.

For a moment or two there was a fierce struggle; then the man, appearing to yield, turned on his side. Zenas, fearing he had killed the fellow, relaxed his grasp, but in an instant he saw a hand drawing a pistol from a jacket pocket. Quickly the weapon was wrested away and tossed aside, and the struggle by natural arms began again. Zenas recalled as if by magic all the long-forgotten fistic lore of the schoolyard and the village green, but his antagonist was larger than he, so the little fellow devoted himself to dodging, and even some skill at this art did not entirely save him. First he became conscious that he could not breathe through his nose; then he lost the sight of one eye and his chest ached dreadfully, but he availed himself of another youthful trick, practised by small boys who were attacked by bullies—he got behind his antagonist and secured a tight collar-grip with both hands, brought up his knee sharply against the burglar's back and quickly had the fellow securely pinned to the ground.

While the struggle had been going on, Zenas heard window blinds open, and a startled exclamation in a voice he remembered well—the voice that had uttered the word "gang." Now, as he tried to breathe, he heard a soft rustle, and, looking up, he saw, clad all in white, and with hair dishevelled, his handsome neighbor.

"Madam," he gasped, "this—this burglar—tried to get into—your house. I saw him—he tried to shoot me. His pistol is somewhere—the grass. Find it, please—fire it—fast—make an alarm—bring help."

But the woman, instead of looking for the weapon, fell upon her knees, looked at as much of the man's face as was visible, and moaned:

"Oh, Arthur!"

Then she sprang to her feet and hissed rapidly:

"He's no burglar, man. Let him go—do you hear me? He's no burglar, I say. He is my husband."

"Your husband!" gasped Zenas, relaxing his hold—a movement of which the prostrate man endeavored to take advantage.

"Yes—yes! Hasn't a man a right to enter his own house any way he chooses, when he's not expected—has no key? Let him go. Don't you hear me say he is my husband?"

"Yes, madam, and sorry I am to hear it, for I've heard of your husband's—"

"Agnes," moaned the captive, "find my pistol—quick—and shoot the fellow. Put it close to his arm and fire, then break the other in the same way—that will make the devil loose his hold. I hear men running—they are coming this way."

"Help! Murder! Help!" roared Zenas, who also heard quick footsteps on a sidewalk not far away. Then he said quickly, "Madam, before you can find that pistol I can

kill this man with my hands at his throat. I've had to fight savage animals with my hands."

"God have mercy!" exclaimed the woman, again dropping on her knees beside the two men. "Listen to me, man! As God lives, my husband is innocent of the charges against him—I know he is—I know all the facts. He's the victim of a conspiracy that must be exposed before long. He has risked everything to-night for the sake of seeing his wife—his wife, do you hear me? Imagine yourself in his place—for your wife's sake for the one person alive who trusts you——"

"It's no use, Agnes," groaned the man. "The fellow's a brute. Those men are almost here—I'm too weak to run far if I try—I'm gone."

"Oh, God!" the woman moaned. "Has heaven no mercy for the innocent?"

Zenas looked into the face before him—a woman's upturned face, full of agony, the moon shining so full upon it that its every line was visible. Then he said softly and quickly:

"Yes, madam; heaven has mercy, as man will show you." He relaxed his hold and thrust a hand into his pocket, continuing to talk fast.

"Mr. Maytham, you say you're too weak to run far; you won't be safe in your own house—hurry into mine—here's the key to the back door—go upstairs as softly and as far as you can—there's nobody on the top floor, and there's light enough in the halls for you to see your way. Don't make a noise, or you'll rouse my family. Now's your chance—knock me aside and hurry across the fence—quick. Go softly—on your toes—keep in the shadow."

Away sped Maytham, and Zenas continued, as two men came hurrying into the garden gate.

"Remember, madam—'twas a burglar—he ran across my backyard—he hurt me badly—you're trying to restore me—make them help you—don't let them take me into my house till I'm restored——"

Then, for the men were almost upon him, that good little man played hypocrite with consummate ability. He begged the men not to leave him, bade them see how terribly injured he was, sent Mrs. Maytham into her house for water and stimulants, and told the story of the attempted burglary at great length, until one of the men said:

"Well, I 'spose' taint no use to try to find the feller now—he's got too much start. It's only by chance we followed him any way. I thort I heerd a ladder bein' took from a house next me. 'Thieves,' says I to myself. I peeked out of winders one side an' another; then I woke Brother Jim, an' him an' me went out kinder keerful like. We could see in the moonlight where the ladder had been dragged along in the dust of the road. Comin' round a bend we thort we heerd it hit somethin'—ladders allus make a noise when they bump a wooden house, an' its a kind o' noise you can hear a good way in a still night like his. We began to run then, an' when we heerd the hollerin' we know'd where to come."

"So good of you," whispered Mrs. Maytham.

"Ever so much obliged," said Zenas. Then, realizing for the first time that Mrs. Maytham was not in daylight attire, he whispered something to the men, who abruptly turned, said "good night" and went away.

"Mr. Bortley," said the woman, seizing her neighbor's hands, "you are a noble man."

"Madam," said the little man, who in spite of a broken nose and closed eye now felt himself the equal of any one alive, "you are a true woman. Try to feel easy about your husband. He will be safer in my house than in his own, until we see how the authorities regard the burglar story. They can't suspect me—with this face."

Then he turned quickly and entered his house. Softly he went up the stairs and searched the top floor, light in hand, until he found the fugitive, to whom he whispered:

"Take the room with the bed in it. Turn the key, so none of my children happen in on you in the morning. I'll arrange for your wife to come in—I'll get my wife and the youngsters off some way after breakfast, and we haven't any servants to poke around. Good night."

Then the little man proceeded to bury himself in his own reflections and wet a towel with a lump of ice in it. With a clearer head than he ever had taken to his desk in the city he nevertheless had many conflicting emotions. Within a single hour—a mere quarter of an hour, indeed—he had been guilty of cowardice, suspicion, heartlessness and several other unpardonable sins; he also had indulged in violence, dissimulation and a threat to commit murder, or at least manslaughter. He had imagined himself dying of fright; he had fought a larger man without the slightest sensation of fear. He, a member of the church, was even now hiding a fugitive from justice; he, a married man, had stood some moments in the presence of another man's wife who was in night evening attire, before he was conscious of the delicacy of the situation. He had sprung to the rescue because the intended victim—as he supposed—was a woman; yet, that very same woman had called his incomparable family a "gang." As he reviewed the evening's experience his mentality became clouded to such an extent that he crept into bed to seek refuge in sleep. As he softly stretched himself his wife sighed, half wakening:

"I thought I—heard a noise—little while ago."

"Yes, dear; I tumbled down. It's all right now; go to sleep."

CHAPTER III.

Amazement sat enthroned on the family visage in the morning when the disarranged countenance of the head of the family was exposed, but Zenas said it would all pass off during the day. All he needed, he said, was absolute quiet, and he absolutely ordered his wife to take all the children on a steamboat trip to New York and back, taking the earliest boat and bringing him up a first rate breakfast just before they started. His wife obeyed him, under protest, and no sooner were the family out of the gate than Zenas, in his pajamas, took the loaded tray, ascended to the top floor, and kicked softly at the door of his guest. As the door opened, Maytham looked more at the man than the breakfast, and exclaimed in contrite tones:

"Did I do all that?"

"Don't mention it," said the little fellow with a reckless air. "I haven't had such a bully fight since I left school. Eat your breakfast before it gets cold, so I can bring your wife up to see you. The coast is clear; I've got the whole family out of the house—first time in my life I ever was glad to do it. Everything here?—water, towels, comb and brush? She deserves to see you looking your best."

Then the little fellow dressed hastily, hid as much of his face as possible in a bandage and slipped out upon his rear piazza. As he suspected, Mrs. Maytham was in her garden and saw him; he beckoned, in real country style, and she was beside him in a moment.

"Allow me, madam," said he with a bow which was dignified in spite of his aspect, "to conduct you to your husband." He led the way upstairs, and soon the husband and wife were in each other's arms. The host discreetly withdrew, but stopped at the threshold and remarked:

"Don't feel the least bit uneasy; no one can disturb you. I have sent away my—'gang.'"

He was ashamed of the shot as soon as he had fired it, and still more ashamed when he discovered that it did not take effect. Then he remained on guard over both houses, entertaining officers and all other curious people, and forbidding that any one should even ring Mrs. Maytham's door bell, as the poor lady's nerves had been terribly shaken. Later in the day he watched carefully for the return of his family, and warned Mrs. Maytham in time.

"Oh, Zenas!" exclaimed Mrs. Bortley, as her husband met her at the gate. "The greatest news! I bought an evening paper as we left New York, and what do you think? Mr. Maytham isn't a defaulter at all. The securities he is said to have taken have been found, and the real thieves have confessed, and——"

"Give me that paper," interrupted Zenas. He glanced over the story, and, as he read, his wife exclaimed.

"Now, what do you think?"

"I think," said Zenas," that our neighbor will call on us to-day." Then he dashed into the house, showed the newspaper to his hidden guest, hurried downstairs and over the fence, rang the bell, and broke the news as gently as possible to his wandering neighbor.

"You will excuse me, I trust, madame, if I present you to my wife when you come over? She is the head of the family when she is at home."

"I shall do myself the honor to tell Mrs. Bortley how loyal a neighbor, how brave a soul and how noble a man her husband is," said Mrs. Maytham, "and I shall beg her to let me be her husband's devoted friend—and hers—forever."

So the Bortleys came to know their next-door neighbors after all.

From the land of dollars and cents:—Jeweller (to new boy)—"Well, how have you been going on while I have been away? Any trade?" New Boy (with pride)—"Yes, sir, in gold rings—rather a good sale, I think." Jeweller—"Did you know all the prices?" New Boy—"Yes, sir, they were marked 18c. inside, and the gentleman took all there were left!"

Sleep is Beauty's Agent.

Try everything you read and hear about for improving the looks and general health and then try sleep.

As Marie Jensen says in the "Merry Monarch," when she throws herself down on a bank of green tissue paper in a none too modest attitude, "a sound sleep is as good as a dinner." It is health and beauty for the body and the very best preservative of youth, next to contentment. The industrial giants of the family will scream laziness and declare that they would just as soon be dead as asleep. It is the fate of man to bear the burdens of life. He has neither need nor use for beauty, and so long as strength and endurance last it is immaterial whether the king of the hearth gets three or ten hours' sleep. Women's mission is in a measure dependent on beauty, brightness and freshness. Her duty is largely that of the butterfly or the flower. It matters very much that she be worthy of the queen's crown, and to squander her delicate strength, to waste the perfume of her young womanhood, is a form of prodigality that she will rue. Brothers, fathers, husbands and sons do not like to think of their idols in a state habitual inertia, but a wise woman does a great many things with her right hand about which her left knows nothing.

Sunday is well considered a day of rest, and if fair women but knew it a sleep from Saturday night till Sunday noon will smooth out ever so many lines and cares of the week. She will miss her coffee, to be sure, but there is more tonic in the rest, even with wakeful eyes, than there is in a whole coffee plantation. Not only do the eyes brighten, but the warmth of the flesh produces a free action of the glands, which acts as a sort of lubricator and imparts health and freshness to the skin.

Then there is the clearer mental vision and the brushing away of the cobwebs of the brain that nothing in all the pharmacopœia can approach. The fair sluggard may be persecuted by envious and ancient relatives and upbraided by spiritual teachers, but all this can be endured in beauty's name. A nap, superinduced by a steaming hot bath, an hour on horseback, or a brisk walk in the open air taken with the mouth tightly closed and in a very light costume, just before going to a party or a dinner, will give a woman a freshness of face and a sprightliness of manner that will be at once remarkable and captivating. Sleep is cheap. It is also an invaluable agent of physical health, which is after all approachable if perfect beauty is not.

Funny Looking Tea.

Repeated attempts have been made to introduce compressed tea into England, but never with complete success. At the present time there is a company in London which deals exclusively in this article, a sample of which is in the Kew Museums. It is claimed for this tea that it has many advantages over loose tea, the chief of which is that the leaves, being submitted to heavy hydraulic pressure, all the cells are broken, and the constituents of the leaf more easily extracted by the boiling water, thus affecting a considerable saving in the quantity required for use. Its great advantage over loose tea, however, would seem to be its more portable character, and, in the case of long sea voyages, or for use in expeditions, the reduction of its bulk by one-third. The compression of tea into blocks, it is said, constitutes a real and important improvement in the treatment of tea. These blocks weigh a quarter of a pound each, and are subdivided into ounces, half-ounces, and quarter-ounces; this ensures exactitude in measuring, and saves the trouble, waste, and uncertainty of measuring by spoonfuls. It also insures uniformity in the strength of the infusion.

Chinese Fiancees.

As soon as a Chinese girl is once betrothed, she is placed in different relations to the world generally. She is no longer allowed such freedom as hitherto, although that may have been little enough. She cannot go anywhere, because it would be "inconvenient"—she might be seen by some member of the family into which she is to marry—than which it is hardly possible to think of anything more horrible. "Why?" the irrepressible Occidental inquires, and is quenched by the information that "it would not be proper." Why it would not be proper no one can ever tell, except that it never was proper, and therefore it is not so now, and therefore never will be. The imminent risk that the girl might at some unguarded moment be actually seen by the family of the future mother-in-law is a reason why so few engagements for girls are made in the town in which the girl lives—an arrangement which would seem to be for the convenience of all parties in a great variety of ways.

A Plea for Dirt Pies.

I want to add my plea for the children a favor of "dirt pies." "Dirt pies" doesn't mean simply dirt pies; it means making gardens and mountains and tunnels, and having tea parties with a variety of goodies, and playing store, and in fact giving the most ample scope to the baby imagination, and passing long delightful summer hours in the most diverting, innocent, and health-giving of amusements. I always feel so sorry for the poor little one whose mother thinks so much of his clothes that she "draws the line at dirt pies." As for causing work, if one can't afford much washing, make the little ones dark "digging aprons" or dresses that can be donned or doffed in a minute, and you will have less work than in listening to their fretting and quarrelling, and trying to provide other employments for them. As for me, I never feel any safer about them as regards both health and morals than when, dressed in their digging costumes and armed with shovel, spoon, and tinware, they begin their onslaught upon the pile of dirt, and I know that several hours of leisure probably await me before they will tire of it. Of course they will come in looking like chimney-sweeps, and almost have to be put soaking before I shall know them, but the cleaning process won't take long, and they do enjoy it so—and is that nothing to a mother? Some mothers will sacrifice hours of weariness to making the children pretty dresses, which will afford them very little pleasure, and begrudge the little trouble it takes to let them have such a fund of joy as a sandpile. Isn't there a little selfishness about it? Do we think as much of their enjoyment as we do of our pride in their prettiness? They are always so contented, too, when playing in the dirt. There is no other time when they are less fretful and quarrelsome, or happier in each other's company, and I think it helps to cultivate cheerfulness and contentment. There is absolutely nothing to be brought up against it except the small amount of trouble it makes, and our selfish pride in their white dresses; so my verdict is unhesitatingly in its favor, for I always believe in granting a child a coveted enjoyment against which there is no valid objection.

What Tears are Made Of.

It is said that people sometimes weep for joy as well as for sorrow, but such cases are at least rare; any way, there is not probably any difference in the material of the tears so shed. They are both made of the same stuff. The principal element in the composition of a tear, as may readily be supposed, is water. The other elements are salt, soda, phosphate of lime, phosphate of soda and mucus, each in small proportions. A dried tear seen through a microscope of good average power presents a peculiar appearance. The water, after evaporation, leaves behind it the saline ingredients, which amalgamate and form themselves into lengthened cross lines, and look like a number of minute fish bones. The tears are secreted in what are called the "lachrymal glands," situated over the eyeball and underneath the lid. The contents of these glands are carried along and under the inner surface of the eyelids by means of six or seven very fine channels, and are discharged a little above the cartilage supporting the lid. The discharge of tears from the lachrymal glands is not occasional and accidental, as is commonly supposed, but continuous. It goes on both day and night—though less abundantly at night—through the "conduits," and spreads equally over the surface of the lids. After serving its purpose the flow is carried away by two litle drains, situated in that corner of each eye nearest the nose—into which they run—and called the "lachrymal points." The usefulness of this quiet flow of tears to both man and beast is manifest. There is such an immense quantity of fine dust floating in the air and constantly getting into the eyes that, but for it, they would soon become choked. Very little is requisite to keep the ball free, and when some obnoxious substance—smoke, an insect or the like, that affects the nerves—does make its way in, an increased flow is poured out to sweep it away.

Hint to the Susceptible Young Man.

It is perfectly proper for a young man to marry for love; but where a young man falls in love with every young woman he meets—and it is out of the question that he should marry them all—perhaps the easiest way out of the difficulty is to take the one handicapped by a fortune.

Fun has no limits; it is like the human race and face; there is a family likeness among the species, but they all differ.

HER OLD LOVER.

CHAPTER I.

"Mab, papa wants you. In the study."

I threw down my mallet on the smooth lawn—those were the days of croquet, when tennis was an unknown game—and looked questioningly, with an anxious glance, at Tom, my brother, who brought this unexpected and unwelcome summons.

"What is the matter, Tom?" I asked. Did he say why he wanted me?"

"Oh, a lecture of some sort, I suppose!" returned Tom with impatient disgust. "You stood on one leg in church last night, or turned in your toes as you came into breakfast!"

Tom was unsympathetic; he thrust his hands deep into his pockets and sauntered away. But the girls, their faces full of commiseration, came from every corner of the lawn toward me. Their portentous faces and portentous tones were comforting, but not inspiriting.

"Has papa sent for you, Mab?"

"Why does he want you?"

"You broke a pot in the conservatory, Mab, perhaps it's that."

"Poor Mab! I saw him looking at you at breakfast this morning in a peculiar way. And your collar was frightfully askew."

"Is it straight now?" I asked, looking anxiously from one to another of the sympathetic group.

"Yes, but your dress is torn. Here's a pin; pin it up beneath the sash. Oh, and what a green stain there is on your flounce!"

I moved toward the house, followed by many warnings and eager-voiced injunctions.

"Your hair's untidy, Mab. Can't you smooth it?"

"Your sash has come untied."

"Mab, your hands are grubby. Remember to keep your hands behind you."

I entered the house and went through the hall toward the "study" the pleasant, sunny back room, where my stepfather studied the innumerable faults of his step-family, and the best methods of correction and prevention. I was just seventeen, and, in some respects, young for my years: my heart was beating very fast as I paused at the study door. With two hot little hands I smoothed back my hair; I looked down ruefully at my stained print gown. Then I gently tapped.

"Come in," answered my stepfather's smooth, mellow voice; and I meekly entered.

My father was not alone. Mabel Campion, our distant cousin my father's ward, sat in a low chair near him. She was a tall, graceful, very gentle girl of twenty; her elbow resting on her knee, her chin upon her hand, she sat looking up at her guardian with a reverential glance. As I entered she blushed, looked doubtfully at me, then doubtfully but very meekly at my stepfather, as though awaiting his commands.

"Yes; I will ask you to leave us," he said, smiling at her—smiling in a well-pleased way, as he never smiled at us.

She smiled too—a faint, sweet, shy little smile. She rose from her chair and moved quietly away, softly closing the door behind her. I and my stepfather were left alone.

The benign smile with which he had followed Mabel lingered for a minute about his smooth, clean-shaven lips, and during that minute he ignored my presence. Then, in a slow way, he altered his attitude, put his elbows, clad in spotless broadcloth, on the arms of his study chair, let his finger-tips meet, and let his brown eyes rest critically on me.

No doubt I contrasted unfavorably with Mabel. My pink print dress was too short for me; here and there, in patches, the pink had faded into white; an unsightly green stain disfigured the flounce in front. My hands were sun-browned and, as the girls had warned me "grubby." My face was freckled, my fair hair disordered. I was keenly conscious of my defects; and in my humility I stood in the limpest of attitudes, apologizing for my existence by an extremity of embarrassment.

"Perhaps you can find a seat, Mabel," said my stepfather in his mild level voice. No one but he ever called me "Mabel"; to the rest of the world I was "Mab." But my stepfather never descended to the frivolity of pet-names.

I found a seat—a seat in a distant part of the room behind the knee-hole writing-table. But my stepfather indicated a straight-backed chair which stood just opposite his own, and I returned reluctantly but meekly and sat facing him.

"I wish to speak to you, Mabel."

"Yes, papa."

"You are breathless, my dear. I am in no hurry. I will wait for you to compose yourself."

I colored guiltily. My heart was fluttering in a very breathless way indeed. To strive to "compose" myself, whilst my stepfather sat watching me, was a hopeless task; I knew it was hopeless; every effort only deferred the desired effect. I crossed my feet, then hastily uncrossed them. I pushed back my hair, then folded my hands and tried to look unconscious that my hair was rough.

And my stepfather all the time sat motionless. Now and then, at intervals, his finger-tips tapped one another softly: but that was the only sign of impatience that he made. His brown eyes regarded me with a critical but forbearing glance; his large, pale, clean-shaven face wore an expression of conscious gentleness and patience.

"I have two very important pieces of news to break to you, my dear. But I have no wish to excite you. Self-control, Mabel, is one of those elementary virtues without which no character worthy of admiration or esteem can be built. Your poor, dear mamma—I do not wish to blame her"—my stepfather broke off and sighed indulgently—"I do not wish to blame her for your bringing-up: the wisest of us sometimes err, and her errors must be pardoned however much we must regret them. For your sake I must regret them—deplore them. She undervalued those habits of self-control which, inculcated early, are the most helpful factors in producing a womanly character—such a character as—as, for instance, our Cousin Mabel's strong yet submissive, self-reliant yet dependent, dignified yet meek."

My stepfather's glance wandered away from me; he smiled benignly, reflecting on virtues which I had not.

"If I had had the supervision of your very early education," he sighed after a minute, "you and your sisters, Mabel, would have learnt in the nursery, in early babyhood, those habits which you now find it well-nigh impossible to learn. Your mind is fussily strong, my dear—excuse the expression. You have no mental tranquillity. Even at this moment you are excited and impatient. I have, as I say, two important pieces of news to break to you; but I will wait for five minutes or so, until you have composed yourself a little and cease to fidget in that nervous manner."

Perhaps the minutes that passed before my stepfather again addressed me were in actual number only five; I know that they seemed like thirty.

"You are seventeen, Mabel, if I remember correctly," he said at last, breaking the silence; "seventeen, two months and five days. Correct me if I am not exact."

"Yes, papa. I was seventeen on the first of May."

"Young!—young," he mused regarding me with gentle disfavor. "But your mother was younger when she married first Mabel my love, have you ever thought much—of the subject of—of—well, I may say of marriage, Mabel?"

The question was confusing. "I—I don't know, papa," I stammered.

"You don't know?" he repeated, tolerantly, with faint, very faint amusement. "That is a very youthful answer. You are old though, at all events, to have realized that it would be desirable that some of you would marry. Your poor dear mother thought me a large and expensive family; and although I have striven to stand in the place of a father to you all, and although I flatter myself that my devotion and patience have been even more than parental, yet—yet my purse is but slender, Mabel, and it will certainly be expedient that some of you, at least, shall marry."

"Y—yes," I answered, doubtfully and vaguely.

"I shall be glad if you will tell me, my dear, if you have any—partiality—respect, esteem—for any person in particular?"

I gasped. I did not laugh, though my thoughts flashed forward to the merry time I should presently enjoy when the study door should have closed behind me, and, out of my stepfather's earshot, the girls grouped in easy but inelegant attitudes around me, I should repeat this speech dramatically to an appreciative, mirthful audience By-and-bye my brilliancy would be applauded. For the present, I was dumb, and my dumbness, no doubt, seemed foolish to my stepparent, whom words never failed.

"I believe I asked you a question, Mabel," he observed, with an air of almost pious patience.

"Y—yes, papa."

"I am waiting, my dear, for your answer."

He might wait forever. I was meek in my stepfather's presence; I answered him in a small voice; I never dared to contradict him—but in a silent way I could be obstinate. Did he expect me to tell him the secret which was mine, my own, inshared, which even the girls did not guess and never should guess! Had he guessed it?—the thought made my heart stand still; I forgot my fear of him and glanced sharply and suspiciously into his round, white face.

"Our young neighbor at the Cedars has been often here of late.

"You mean Ned?" I interrogated in a careless tone. I had thought I possessed some dramatic talent, but that careless tone cost me a gigantic effort, and, after all the effort was discernible. I knew I blushed. I grew hot, then cold.

"I mean Edward Barnet—yes. As I observed, he has been often here of late."

"He always comes when he's at home," I explained, hastily. "He always did. He comes because he has nothing else to do. He—he likes to come."

"Certainly. I have no wish to dispute that statement. My dear Mabel, you are blushing—a graceful habit for some complexions; your blushes, my dear, remind one a little too much of the peony. May I conclude, my love, that there is some attachment, some partiality, on your side for Mr. Barnet?

"We all like him," I replied, doggedly, emphatically, with a sort of eager indifference. "Of course we like him—we are neighbors—and—and we have always known each other."

"Friendship is the very best basis for a yet warmer feeling," replied my stepfather in a satisfied tone. "Mabel, Mr. Barnet called on me last night to ask me to allow him to speak to you concerning—concerning this subject——"

"This subject?" I repeated, in a bewildered way.

"He tells me he is in love with you. He wishes to ask you to be his wife.

I think I had forgotten that I was shy and frightened; I had risen from my chair and gone to the window, escaping from that calm, mild, steady glance, that contemplated my rosy cheeks and smiling lips, and the happy light that I knew was shining in my eyes.

"To ask me? I repeated. "Me?—me? Me—to be his wife?"

"Mabel, if you will be good enough to return to your seat, we can perhaps discuss this question quietly."

"Papa, it is not true! There is some mistake."

"Please sit down, Mabel. Allow me to finish what I was saying."

Like one in a dream I came back to my seat; the ground as I moved surely did not touch my feet! I trod on air. Ned loved me!—Ned loved me! the bees were humming those three little words outside the window; the birds were twittering the same delicious truth from every tree. Ned loved me!—and when had I not loved Ned?

"Did he really say that?—really?—you're not imagining it?" I questioned, awe of my stepfather entirely lost in a stronger feeling.

"You are exciting yourself, Mabel. It is much to be regretted that your poor dear mother's fussy disposition has been inherited by so many of her children! You in particular, Mabel, have a tendency on the slightest provocation to become hysterical."

"I don't think so, papa."

The contradiction was unlooked for; my stepfather's brown eyes grew rounder and bigger, their glance of mild surprise and displeasure should have crushed me completely—but I met the glance and smiled back contentedly, unabashed.

"I will confess, my dear, that Mr. Barnet's choice has astonished me. We will not discuss his taste. You are young and possibly will improve. The discipline of married life will no doubt cure many of those faults which I deplore in you. As Mr. Barnet is twenty-five years of age, old enough to guide his own actions, I did not feel it to be my duty to save him from what, if I regard the matter impartially. I regret to say that I consider a mistake. He will doubtless repent of his marriage—but that is his own affair. I have won his gratitude by giving my cordial consent to his addressing you. I have promised to sanction the engagement ——"

For once the smooth, monotonous voice was like sweet music in my ears. I sat and listened, smiling softly—not a smile of amusement, but of happiness. I remember those blissful minutes still; I remember them as clearly as though they passed but yesterday; they belong to the past of twenty year ago. How blue the sky was!—great white clouds slowly crossed it, travelling from the west; there was a quiet sort of murmur of rustling leaves; among the tall white lilies the bees were busy; the last of the hay was being carried in the meadows beyond our garden; all the air was sweet with perfume.

The monotonous voice droned on:

"I told Mr. Barnet that I would first address you on the subject. He made some objection to my doing so, but I overruled it. I believe he said that he should come this morning for his answer; I am not sure, but I think he mentioned that he would wish to call on you this morning. My interview with him was somewhat abruptly terminated; a visitor was unfortunately announced when I had had but a few minutes' conversation with him. However, I think I understood that he meant to call this morning. Knowing your impulsive disposition, Mabel, I thought it best to prepare you. I wished you to be perfectly clear about my feelings on the subject; you have my permission to accept him; you have my full approval."

"Thank you, papa." He seemed to expect my thanks; I rendered mechanically.

"Mr. Barnet, if not a very wealthy man, is not a very poor one. It is as good a marriage as you can expect to make, and I desire that you will accept him. I am not sure what the exact amount of his income is, but——"

"If Ned had fifty pounds a year, if he were a blacksmith or a carpenter or—or anything, I would marry him like a shot if he asked me!"

"My dear, your English, if graphic, is scarcely classical."

"But I don't want to know what Ned's income is. I don't care a bit!"

My stepfather slightly smiled, then slightly sighed.

"I may tell Mr. Barnet, then, that you entertain his proposal?"

"Yes. I love him," I said simply.

Some one rapped at the door; the door opened.

"Mr. Barnet," announced the white aproned, soft-voiced parlormaid; and Ned came in.

His sun-browned face had a ruddier tinge than usual, he was evidently embarrassed, but even in his embarrassment there was a sort of boyish frankness and dignity; he was humorously conscious of being ill-at ease, and he humorously appreciated the odd experience. He nodded and smiled at me as he shook hands; then he turned with an eager, searching glance toward my stepfather.

"I have been having a serious little talk with Mabel," my stepfather said, in his slow mild tone. Nothing ever made him hasten in his speech. "A very serious little talk."

Ned looked toward me. I could not understand the glance: he looked as though he wished that I would go.

"I have laid your proposal before her."

Again Ned glanced quickly in my direction; he was silent; my stepfather slowly continued:

"And she is inclined to entertain it——

"She accepts me?"

"She admits that she is very much in love with you."

I did not see Ned's face, my eyes were fixed upon the brown roses on the carpet; but I heard the joyous little exclamation with which the news was received.

"Where is she?" asked Ned, after a moment's pause.

"Mabel, my love, come here," said my step-father in his smoothest tone. He took my hand between his own and led me toward Ned, who stood perfectly still and made no movement to meet me. He took Ned's hand, too; he put our hands together. I looked up—I looked into Ned's eyes, and he looked back into mine; with a little cry I drew my hand away and he quietly released it. I remember still the kind, regretful look he gave me.

"Mr. Dale," he said, in his frank clear voice, "we have made a mistake. Perhaps the fault was mine—but I think it was yours. I love Mabel. Mab and I are the best and firmest of friends, but my love is Mabel's—I thought you understood."

"You are speaking of Mabel Campion?"

"Yes. She is your ward; I thought it right to tell you, her guardian, that I hoped to try to win her."

"You should have made your meaning clear, sir."

"I thought I had done so."

"You were under a misapprehension. I certainly should not have given my consent to your addressing the young lady of whom you speak. She has this morning promised that she will be my wife——"

Those were the last words I heard as I stole from the room. I stole out softly, shutting the door noiselessly behind me. Then I fled—fled blindly—through the passage, through the orchard, and out into the country lanes. In the house or garden the girls would find me. They were dear girls! but they would be curious and question me. They were kind, and they would pity me, and comfort me!—and I could not bear their comfort or their pity!

I threw myself down on a grassy bank beneath a high shady hedge, and buried my hot face in my hands, and tried to get used and hardened to the feeling of my shame. The shame seemed to burn out all other feelings. I forgot my love; I only realized my humiliation.

Two or three scalding tears fell through my fingers; then the tears dried up. My

head throbbed and burnt; my hot hand, pressed against my brow, did not cool it.

There was a sound of advancing steps, and I rose hurriedly to flee. At the same moment Ned came in sight round the curve of the high-hedged lane. I guessed rather than saw that it was he; I walked on swiftly, away from him, down the grass-grown path.

Would he be kind and let me go? Would he pretend not to see that I was before him as I was pretending not to know that he was behind me? Would he spare me the humiliation of standing face to face with him again? The questions whirled through my brain, whilst I listened with strained attention to the firm quick steps that followed.

The steps hastened he meant to overtake me. When I realized his intention I stood still. A green gate opened from the lane into a meadow; I stood still beside the gate and waited for him, half facing him as he advanced, my cheeks in a scarlet flame, my eyes defiant, daring him to pity me.

If he showed that he was sorry for me, I would never forgive him! If he was embarrassed and conscious of my embarrassment, I should hate him always! always!

He came to the gate, and stood still before me.

"Mab," he said.

His tone was a little graver than usual, but frank and simple and direct. Somehow, though he had spoken but one word, the bitter edge of my humiliation vanished; my eyes looked across at him with a less defiant glance.

"Mab, you're not going to let this spoil our friendship?"

"N—no," said I doubtfully "It needn't—unless——"

"There is no 'unless'," replied Ned, in his old masterful tone that set me at ease at once. "A silly girl, with no sense and pluck, would think it necessary, perhaps, to be dignified and distant and avoid me. But you're not that kind of girl at all! Mab, I shall be awfully disappointed in you if you let this make any difference to us."

It was a familiar voice of authority which, ever since I was a toddling baby and Ned a knicker-bockered hero of my dreams, I had always been accustomed to obey. Now my eyes met his; we smiled at one another.

"Walk home across the meadow with me, Mab," said he.

He opened the gate and we passed through together. Then he suddenly stood still.

"No, no," he exclaimed, "you've no hat, and the sun is hot,

"I don't mind it."

"Don't you? I mind it for you."

Twenty-five has lordly airs; but seventeen loves its heroes to be masterful. Ned turned back with me through the shady lane; we were silent almost all the way, but our thoughts were busy; at last, on a sudden impulse, I spoke:

"I am so sorry," I said, "about Mabel."

"Yes," he replied, briefly. Then again he was silent. He walked with me as far as the garden-gate, and there we parted.

CHAPTER II.

Four years have passed.

A very silent family sat at the breakfast table this August morning; the head of the family had descended in an irritable mood; and his women-folk, observing the puckers on his brow, were nervously anxious to avoid calling his attention to themselves.

"The coffee is cold, Mabel. It's strange that we never have a decent cup of coffee in this house!"

For nearly four years our cousin Mabel had been our stepfather's wife; he had long ago ceased to smile at her benignly, and ceased to extol her virtues.

"The toast is tough," he grumbled. "My dear, will you be good enough to give a little thought to these domestic duties? There is one of your children crying—is that Sydney again?"

"I think so, dear," was the gentle, nervous reply.

"I thought I forbade him to cry."

"Yes, but—but, you forget, Adrian. He's such a baby—too young to understand."

"Not too young to be ruined by indulgence. After breakfast you can go to the nursery and send Sydney into the study to me."

"Adrian, you are so severe with him."

"On the contrary, Mabel, I am most gentle. But one cannot too early teach one's children to understand the inevitable consequences of their own actions. When Sydney disturbs our comfort by crying in a foolish and peevish manner, we disturb his idea of comfort by seating him without his toys for two or three hours, with his face toward the wall in the corner of my study."

"But—"

"Enough on the subject, Mabel. Pray do not become argumentative, my dear."

A painful silence ensued—a silence so heavy and painful that Alice, my youngest sister, boldly broke it.

"Mab, do you know that Ned Barnet's going abroad? He is. I heard it."

Alice suffered for her boldness; our stepfather looked slowly in her direction.

"When was that frock of yours clean, Alice?"

"Yesterday, papa."

"So I imagined, my dear," was the mild-voiced reply. "No wonder the bills from the laundress are extortionate. You will wear no more washing frocks this summer. After breakfast you can take off that dirty dress and put on the black serge you were wearing in the winter. You will wear nothing else until I give you permission."

"Papa, there's the Barnets' garden-party to-day."

"You can wear your black serge—or remain at home."

He rose as he spoke, carefully brushing a speck of dust from his sleeve. He had successfully depressed the spirits of us all, and his own temper had grown almost placid.; the creases in his brow had smoothed themselves out, and he went slowly and contentedly away to administer reproof to his three-year-old son in the study.

I went out of doors into the garden; and there, half an hour later, Alice joined me. She was a pretty, graceful girl of sixteen. She came walking slowly toward me with a very woe-begone countenance. The serge dress was badly made and too small for her; the material was coarse and thick: it was a last winter's frock—and last winter Alice had worn her skirts short, and lately she had tasted the dignity of skirts that reached her ankles.

"Look at me, Mab," she cried, the tears in her eyes, her voice indignant, yet pitiful, "Mab, tell me truthfully, do I look absurd?"

"The dress is hideous, but you look pretty in spite of it," said I, lovingly.

"Dear old Mab! Oh, Mab, I wish the tables could turn for a bit and we could be the tyrants. I should like to dress papa in a school boy jacket and an Eton collar, and make him wear his hair long in ringlets."

We laughed. Alice linked her hands around my arm, and we strolled slowly together down the garden paths between the trim beds with their low, closely cropped box-borders. I longed to ask a question; a simple question enough, but it was only with an effort, after much deliberation, that I asked it.

"Alice, who told you that Ned was going away?"

"They were talking of it at the Cedars yesterday."

"Ah! it's true then!"

"Some scientific expedition wants him to come with them. I didn't listen very attentively—but they're going to explore some place, Africa, or Australia, or some place. His mother was so funny, Mab! She's proud of his being asked to go, but she wants him to refuse. She says it's an honor; and then she forgets the honor and says she has heard of tigers and rattlesnakes."

I made no reply. After a minute Alice chatted on again.

"He'll be away for a year or two if he goes. We shall miss him, shan't we?"

"Yes."

"Don't you think it's odd of him to wish to go?"

"It seems to me quite natural," I replied abruptly, almost sharply. "His scientific work is most absorbing to him; he becomes more engrossed in it every year."

"But he ought to settle down and marry; he's getting so dreadfully old."

"Not very old. Twenty-nine."

"I wonder why he doesn't marry, Mab. Do you know what the girls have fancied?"

"No."

"They have fancied lately that he meant to marry you."

I turned sharply away. Bending over the sweet-peas, I plucked a sweet-scented, many-colored handful.

"But he can't marry you if he insists on getting eaten by snakes and and crocodiles in Central Africa."

"Don't Alice!" I exclaimed, harshly.

She threw her arm in an impulsive, caressing way around my shoulder.

"Poor old Mab! you're not cross?" she questioned.

"No. But don't talk like that—I don't like it, Alice."

Alice regarded me in silence for a moment.

"Wouldn't you marry him if he asked you?" said she in a thoughtful tone.

"No."

"Really?"

"Really. Are you surprised?"

"Well, yes; you see the girls all fancied that you would."

The girls' voices reached us from the lawn, and after a few minutes Alice deserted me and ran across the grass, and presently her voice reached me with the rest.

I strolled on, away from the sound of the merry chatter and laughter. My heart was heavy, my steps seemed weighted with lead; I had suddenly grown too weary to walk. A little summer-house stood beside the pathway; I entered and sat down on the rustic seat, and laid my arm on the rustic table.

I looked out with fixed, unseeing eyes through the open doorway. Two or three minutes passed, then between the doorway and the sunshine Ned Barnet stood.

"May I come in?" he asked, taking the permission for granted, and entering even while he spoke. Held out his hand, and my hand was still in his when he sat down on the seat beside me.

"I hoped I should find you alone," he said.

I smiled in acquiescence; his tone had a gentle meaning as, of late, it had often had; but I would not understand it.

"I came to speak to you, Mab."

His gray eyes looked down into mine with a direct, frank glance. He still retained my hand and I let it rest there, too proud to draw it away.

"Mab, do you know what I want to say?"

"Yes. You are going away. Alice has just been telling me."

I looked at him quietly, straight into his eyes. If four years had taught me nothing else, it had taught me some amount of self-control; I could speak in steady tones, glance at him with calm, unfaltering glances, though my heart was sick and sore and aching.

"I am sorry you are going," I said steadily, in the regretful tone in which a friend may speak: "sorry for our sakes. But for your sake I am glad. It will be such a splendid opportunity."

He did not answer me. He rose from his seat and walked to the door. After a minute I rose, too. Standing in the doorway, leaning against the creeper-covered framework, we faced each other

"That was not what I came to say," he observed at last.

"You're not going?"

"Whether I go or stay, Mab, depends on you," he replied slowly, looking down at me.

My vaunted self-possession deserted me a little then; I was conscious that a wave of color swept into my face; and my glance fell. I was angry with myself for the blush; with an effort I raised my eyes and looked at him again.

"You want my advice. You must tell me all about the proposed expedition first: I scarcely understand well enough to advise you."

"I don't want you to advise me."

He looked down at me steadily.

"Mab, you know what I want—you know as well as I do. I have tried again and again to speak to you—you know that too. You have always prevented me. But now I must speak. I love you, Mab; if you will give me any hope, I will stay in England, but if not—if I am no use here, if there is no hope for me—I may as well go."

There was a note of deep feeling in his voice that set my heart beating madly, joyfully. But next moment I was reasoning with my unreasonable happiness, bitterly smiling at it.

"You do not believe in my love," he continued, in his quiet, steady tone. I have felt your incredulity. But you must believe, Mab."

"I do believe," I returned. I believed that he loved me, but I believed, too, that his love was based on pity; I believed, that it was a forced growth, which he had carefully fostered, and which, if the care and encouragement which he had bestowed on it were withdrawn, would die an easy and natural death. Four years ago he had learnt that I cared for him; the thought of my unrequited love had pained him constantly; he had been very sorry for me, very grateful to me; he had longed and striven to pay the debt of affection which, unasked, I had bestowed. And his heart had answered the demand he made upon it. He loved me—I had watched his love grow, read it in the softer glances which nowadays he gave me, heard it in the gentler, less masterful tones with which he spoke to me. But such love was humiliating—more humiliating then his indifference had been. He loves me, not inevitably, but of deliberate, anxious desire.

"I do believe," I said. "I think you love me—but I think, too, that, if you try, you will forget me."

"Mab, you are cruel!" he exclaimed, in a quiet voice, but reproachfully.

He made no further protest, no stronger denial. Protests were not much in Ned's way, but I chose to ignore that truth. In my pride and bitterness I chose to tell myself that he knew he would, if he tried, forget. Love which is based on gratitude and pity will die an easy death when the basis of gratitude and pity is withdrawn.

"You think me fickle, Mab. Perhaps I deserve your judgment; I have proved fickle once. I shall not change again, I think."

He qualified his assertion by "I think," for Ned's statements were always temperate—but there was little doubt expressed in his voice and glance. He came a step nearer me and took my hands in his and looked down into my eyes. In spite of myself, I let my soul for one long blissful moment drink its fill of happiness. My heart danced, my head was light with intoxicating joy. Then resolutely I struggled away from the love that tempted me; again I called pride to my aid.

"Ned, tell me one thing. Will you answer one question—truthfully?"

"As many questions as you like—truthfully you may be sure."

"Did you love me at first because you thought that I loved you?"

"At first, perhaps so. I am not sure. The beginning of my love dates a long way back."

I drew my hands from his and put them tightly together behind me.

"Ned—lately—" I asked—"what have you thought? Have you fancied I still cared for you?"

He hesitated for a moment. Then: "Yes," he answered, truthfully, "I have thought so. You have often been cold to me, and sometimes a little cruel; but I believe in your heart you love me, I have read your love in a thousand ways."

"You have been mistaken," I returned harshly. "You have read what doesn't exist."

He was silent for a few moments' space.

"You do not love me, Mab?" he asked, in a grieved tone through which a thread of surprise ran. That note of surprise braced my pride, which his sorrow would otherwise have softened. "You used to love me!"

"Why should I be more constant than you? I was a child—no more than a child. Why will you always remember that childish folly against me? One outgrows one's childish loves and hates."

"Is that my answer Mab?"

"Yes."

I turned away from the door of the summer-house; I went slowly a little way along the garden path. He followed.

"You will very quickly forget me, Ned," I said; and I stopped hastily, in time to check a sob that rose.

"We need not discuss that question," he replied.

"In a year or two you will be rather glad that I refused you."

He half smiled. "You hold one view of my character, Mab, and I another," he responded quietly.

Very slowly we walked toward the house. When we reached it I spoke again.

"Shall you—go away?" I faltered.

"Yes. You have decided that point for me," he replied.

CHAPTER III

May-day—a breezy, pleasant day of alternate showers and sunshine. In the garden the laburnum tree is just touched with yellow; the lilac is budding; the trim beds are golden still with the daffodils.

As my stepfather has just reminded me, this is my thirtieth birthday. Mabel has kissed me in her gentle fashion and wished me many happy returns of the day; my stepfather has smiled, and sighed, and slightly shrugged his shoulders.

"At the age of thirty, my dear, an unmarried woman prefers her birthday to be forgotten," he remarks.

"I prefer it to be remembered," I reply briskly. "Thank you for your good wishes, Mabel."

"Thirty!" says my stepfather, in a musing tone. "Thirty!" he repeats, and sighs. "Thirty!— Well, I suppose an old maid is useful in a family."

I laugh. "I am not an old maid yet, papa."

"No?"

His mild interrogative tone is certainly provoking; my own tone has something, I admit, of spinister-like sharpness as I reply,

"I feel quite as young as I desire to feel."

"That is satisfactory. It is not every one who at thirty still feels herself to be an ornament in the matrimonial market."

I turn away silently; but my silence serves no purpose.

"An ornament—but relegated to the shelf," continues my stepfather, in a musing tone, with a contemplative smile.

"Age has, at all events, its advantages, papa. Sarcasms at thirty fail to touch one."

He professes not to hear me. "As far as I can see, my dear, Barnet seems to leave you to grace that shelf."

I have carried the pinafore I am making to a distant window; I, too, profess to be deaf to the words which I will not hear.

"Let me give you credit for one virtue," the

smooth voice continues. "You are patient. You have smiled on Barnet for thirteen years and still are unwilling to regard the task as hopeless."

I have said that sarcasms no longer have the power to hurt me; but the boast is vain. In spite of my thirty years I turn away now with burning cheeks, with childish anger, and with tears springing to my eyes.

I take my work into the garden. The garden is quiet, for the children are in the schoolroom at their lessons and my own sisters are all married and gone. The lawn is closely shaven, smooth as silk; the box-borders are trim as ever; the beds are guiltless of a weed. I take the path which, nine years ago, I took with Alice, and I stop now as I stopped then at the little rustic summer-house beside the pathway. I lean, in a musing, pensive mood, against the framework of the entrance and look absently before me at the dancing branches wet with rain, at the moving patches of light and shadow that the branches cast upon the path, at the lilies of the valley beneath the wall, at the bed where by-and-by the sweet-peas will blossom.

The sweet-peas were blossoming on that morning, nine years ago, when Ned and I stood here together. My thoughts travel slowly back across those nine years, recall their history, and slowly return to dwell upon the present—the joys and sorrows of to-day.

"Many happy returns of the day to you."

I start and turn my head. Round the path behind the summer-house, Ned had come suddenly upon me; he stands close beside me, holds out his right hand and smiles in a calm, friendly, unembarrassed fashion.

"Thank you. You remember my birthday, then?"

"Yes. My memory is very good, you know. It is part of my equipment as a scientist."

Ned stands, as he stood nine years ago, in the doorway facing me. Nine years have aged him. He is nearly forty; his thick hair is turning a little gray, his short bushy beard is sprinkled with gray threads here and there, his frank eyes seem to have receded further beneath the grave, thoughtful brows, his figure has grown more square, more set;—the truth must be told, he looks middle-aged!

He looks gravely and quietly at me. His manner this morning is very different from his manner on that far-away morning of nine years ago. Now there is no suggestion of love making. His voice takes no tender modulations, his glance does not linger long with soft meaning on my face. I am thirty; he is approaching forty—we are grown prosaic!

Prosaic? are we? I cannot speak for him; but I can speak for myself. Nine years ago my heart never ached so badly, never beat so quickly, as it aches and beats to-day. I stand in a quiet pose, my hands loosely clasped before me, and perhaps I look as calm as he; but the calmness is surface deep—no more.

We stand and chat quietly about many things. For the last few weeks he has been from home; and he asks me about the small events that have happened in his absence; and I ask him about the visit he has paid.

"I am not sorry to get back again," he says; but he says it in that sober matter-of-fact tone which admits of no flattering personal interpretation.

"You are tired at last of travelling?"

"Not of travelling—but of country house visits," he replies, with a grave yet humorous smile. "Yes I believe you are right," he admits, after a moment, smiling quickly but gravely again, "I am tired of wandering."

"The African explorer is settling down into a stay-at-home country squire," I answer.

"For awhile."

"You do not expect the jog-trot life to suit you?"

"Not for long." He does not sigh, and yet there is a suggestion of a sigh in the voice in which he answers.

"Whilst there are worlds to explore you will never be content!"

His gray eyes rest on me. They do not exactly smile; it would be difficult to correctly describe the expression in their depths. They rest on me with a long look; then he glances slowly away at the slender rain-laded branches of the laburnum, which sway lightly in the breeze and shake down showers of raindrops which sparkle in the sun-light as they fall.

"Whilst life lasts, Mab, I shall never be content," is all he says; but his tone has a little thrill of deep meaning, and for a moment my heart stands still, then bounds forward at a passionate speed that keeps me silent whether I will or no.

For nine long years the record of our talk with one another has been a record of safe common-places, impersonal, unemotional. Only at rare intervals across that desert of years have I caught a glance, a tone, that has made me wonder whether the love I refused to take is dead? Nine years ago I put happiness away from me proudly, impetuously. For nine years I have known regret, loneliness, bitter heart-ache. To-day I have, perhaps, too little pride, as nine years ago I had too much; if I thought he still cared for me, his silence should not stand between us; I would let no ceremonies, no conventionalities, spoil our lives.

"Why are you—not content?" I asked; my tone is steady with an effort.

He turns his head and half smiles at me again. "In another week," he says, as one who has answered my question and changes his tone, "the laburnum and lilac will both be in bloom."

"Yes."

And then we are both silent.

"Ned, we have been friends so many years," I plead, trying to speak easily, frankly, pleasantly, in friendly fashion:—"friends are useless if they cannot grumble to one another! Twenty years ago—fifteen years ago—we used to pour out to one another all our causes of discontent."

He looks before him for nearly a minute before he answers.

"Since then——" he says, and pauses.

"Yes."

"We have been both more and less than friends."

"Does that prevent our speaking—of our troubles to each other?

"It prevents my speaking of one trouble to you," he answers simply.

How my hands tremble! I clasp my fingers together. My heart is beating so fast and furiously that I scarcely can draw my breath; my thoughts leap forward to a bold resolve—a resolve too bold to be womanly—a resolve so bold that I dare not pause before I speak.

"Ned, once you said you loved me. You have got over it—your love?"

The reserve, the silence of nine years is broken. It is I who have torn down the barrier! And yet I have only partly destroyed it; he would like to hastily pile up the breach.

"One gets over most things, Mab, in time," he says. But I scarcely hear his words; his voice has a tremor which makes my pulses beat with joy; his face betrays that the time of which he speaks has not yet come.

I scarcely know what I do, but I know that I put out my hand and lay it on his arm.

"I don't get over it, Ned," I say in the lowest of tones; and then, having been the boldest of women, I suddenly become the silliest, and burst into a flood of hysterical, foolish tears.

And ten minutes later Ned and I are sitting together on the rustic seat; his arm is around me and his strong clasp holds me close to him.

"You loved me nine years ago when you refused me?" he says, incredulously, repeating a statement I have just, 'twixt laughter and tears, faltered forth.

"Yes; but I thought you loved me out of pity. I thought you would easily forget."

"And I thought my offer had hurt and offended you. I thought your girlish love for me was dead. I resolved not to persecute you with my love, not to speak to you again."

"And you have cared for me—all these years?"

"All these years—yes. And we might have been happy together!"

"And now I am so old, Ned!"

"Old! Not so very old, Mab. If you were younger, you would scorn your gray-haired lover."

"Papa will call it a prosaic match."

We both smiled. Our eyes met, and the smiles in our eyes deepen.

"Whatever his verdict may be, we can bear it with philosophy," said Ned.

And again we smile.

"Is the match a prosaic one to you, Mab?" he questions, a thread of laughter and a thread of tenderness both running through his tone.

My answer is a smile and a question.

"Is it prosaic to you?" I ask. "Oh, Ned, why have we thrown away so many years of happiness?"

"Perhaps the discipline has been good for us," he whispers quietly. "Everything happens for the best to those who do not take their lives into their own hands. And you, Mab, are dearer, sweeter to me than ever."

He gently lays my head upon his shoulder and folds me in his arms. My heart is at rest at last. I would wait another thirteen years for this happiness.

White woolen gowns are trimmed with black, stem-green, violet or yellow velvet ribbon.

Don't fail to read our Census Competition on another page.

An Unfair Comparison.

"It is a sad commentary on our boasted civilization," writes a gentleman in a well-known periodical, "when we compare the women of to-day with those of fifty years ago." Then he goes on to tell of the wonderful exploits of our grandmothers—how they spun and wove and scrubbed and worked embroideries which were exceedingly difficult if not very artistic, and did all the work for large families, besides finding time for a little gardening by way of recreation. It all went to prove that the women of to-day are physically inferior to the women of forty or fifty years ago, and that they also lack in executive ability. Reasoning from the standpoint that sound brains do not accompany an unsound body, he finds that although we may appear more intellectual because of greater educational advantages, we are in reality mentally inferior to our grandmothers; then he closes with a few mournful predictions regarding the coming generations.

It is fun to hear some men talk on that subject, isn't it? This writer seemed to be very much in earnest, and his editorial will doubtless have great weight with men who want to believe as he does, and who accept, without question, all stories treating of the superiority of our grandmothers. There is no doubt but that they were an honor to their time, and did even more than was demanded of them; that is one of woman's chief characteristics. However, when making comparisons between us and them due attention should be given to the difference in the demands fifty years ago and now.

Some idea of that difference may be gained by comparing the heroine of the popular story of even twenty years ago with the most approved heroine of to-day; for when shorn of a few of the impossibilities given by the author in his effort to draw an ideal character, they are usually very fair representations of the women of their day. The most that was required of the old-fashioned heroine was that she be well-skilled in the art of housekeeping in all its different branches, be able to minister to the comfort and well being of her husband and family, and be accomplished to the extent of knowing how to embroider samplers and play an accompaniment on the spinnet. This refers, of course, to the heroine of the short story who is in the majority, and most nearly representative. Heroic heroines are to be found, but no more heroic than many of our heroines of to-day.

Our heroine of to-day must play classic music, and play it well. Instead of working a tombstone and a weeping willow, and a mourning woman nearly as tall as the willow, in gay worsteds on canvas; she must be able to paint in oil and water colors so well that her picture will take a prize, or at least receive favorable mention. She must dress well—not fashionably merely, but artistically, which requires both time and study. She must be well-informed on all the questions of the day, and able to discuss them intelligently. In many of the novels, written by both sexes, she is represented as arguing so well on subjects that a woman would have known nothing about a few years ago that her opponent has nothing more to say. She must have a good knowledge of business methods, and be able to take an active part in all out-door sports. The heroine who sat and crocheted while men fell in love with her dainty white hands is now consigned to the waste basket, and in her place is a busy, bright, energetic, capable woman who could not be what she is without at least a fair amount of physical and mental strength. The heroine of to-day, though exaggerated, as was the heroine of twenty or thirty years ago, indicates the standard set before the every-day women.

When men are comparing us with our grandmothers they forget that it takes time and strength and ability to make the woman of to-day what she is, quite as much as was used by the woman who did great things in the way of scrubbing and baking and embroidering samplers. If the woman of to-day prefers to paint her floor, and spend her time in study which her grandmother spent in scrubbing, why isn't that an indication of good sense, and why should it be looked upon as an indication of physical weakness?

Women have never done so much of the world's work as they are doing now, and there surely can be no question but that the homes of to-day are just as beautiful and just as homelike as they were fifty years ago. The modern man would not be satisfied with the simplicity of the old-fashioned home, nor does he stop to consider that our present style of housekeeping cannot be carried on without at least a fair degree of executive ability; nor that if in addition to her housekeeping the woman takes up one or more of the other requirements of the popular heroine she ought to receive credit, not adverse criticism.

The Traffic in Human Hair.

It must be an unpleasant reflection for those ladies who are indebted for luxurious locks to other heads than their own to learn that in the course of last year 80,000 lbs of human hair were exported from Canton alone. This circumstance is not in itself very agreeable, for the Chinese are not celebrated for punctilious cleanliness. But when the report from which we quote adds that the greater part of these forty tons of incipient "fronts" and other tresses was taken from the heads of criminals and vagrants, the possible wearers must feel that their artificial charms have been purchased at a serious cost to sentiment. Human hair, it must, however, be remembered, undergoes so many processes before it is "made up" that, even did most of what is used by perruquiers come from the Flowery Land, and were the original owners less particular about the state of their heads than the Chinese usually are, the germ of disease would probably be wholly eradicated from these glossy adornments. There is, perhaps, very little cause for alarm on this score. The sentimental horror is considered sufficient, though no doubt the inference is that the hair of the average beggar or criminal, and of the Chinese one in particular, cannot be free from what not even the least scrupulous votary of fashion could desire to have within a hundred miles of her person.

Handy Young Women.

A correspondent of the Englishwoman's *Review* writes: "Here is Eboracum, old and crotchety, a walled town in all ways, where both sides of sixpence are viewed before spending, and novelties are heresies—one woman earns an energetic living by going out paperhanging with her girl apprentice! I have heard of her from the principal of a ladies' school, and it has struck me, and more, what a bliss it would be to lessen the dirt and delay of men in the house by substituting handy young women. Many can whitewash, paint, do a bit of plumbing and lock-doctoring, and only want some training to be quite efficient domestic artisans. I know of one char-woman who shaped from rough wood, a capital circular water-but lid, another who tars out ashpits with gas-tar, and one who slings her buckets on a rope from the middle of a tall ladder and goes up, like a cat between heaven and earth, to scrub the outside paint, ten or twelve feet from the ground! Why should it be amazing if she went up to paint?"

Bald-Headed Bachelors.

Why so many bald-headed men are bachelors is thus explained by a recent writer:—"There is a great deal of capillary attraction in love. Girls adore a handsome suit of glossy hair; it is lovely. And when a lover comes to woo her with the top of his head shining like a greased pumpkin he is at a disadvantage. Just as the words that grow and thoughts that burn begin to awaken in her bosom a sympathetic thrill she may happen to notice two or three flies promenading over his phrenological organs, and all is over. Girls are so frivolous. She immediately becomes more interested in those flies than in all his lovely language. While he is pouring out his love and passion she is wondering how the flies manage to hold on to such a slippery surface."

Fussy Women

A fussy woman is bad at all times to endure, but in illness her fussiness is a cause of actual harm to the patient, and a source of more than usual discomfort to all with whom she comes into contact. Calmness can be attained, and is often attained by most excitable temperaments, and that is the best calmness after all. A very strong nature that has mastered itself as to be able to restrain all ill-placed display of emotion, and that can, while feeling very strongly, yet keep command of voice and manner, is a great comfort and support to those around. No fear of being taken for cold and unsympathetic, for, in spite of your quiet tone, low voice and restrained manner, your sympathy and feeling will make themselves apparent; for, remember, real coldness and indifference to suffering is a thing to guard against.

"I am so troubled about my husband," said Mrs. Badman, seeking sympathy from the pastor's wife. "He goes from bad to worse: he is an infidel and an atheist and now he says he is an agnostic and doesn't know anything and doesn't believe anything and doesn't think anything." "My dear sister," replied the pastor's wife, "you don't know what trouble is. My husband thinks he knows how to cook."

The LADIES' JOURNAL Bible Competition on another page is well worth perusal.

An American Woman's First Season in London.

[illegible] the four w[illegible] where fashionable London [illegible] sports [illegible]. [illegible] appears at these places of course, but not young man—not unmarried [illegible]. If one happens to go down to dinner with some one particularly pleasant, a wife a[l]ways turns up in the drawing-room later; and not once in this season have I danced with anybody too young to be my father. One will not say that the old gentlemen are objectionable. Indeed, English old gentlemen are particularly nice, mellow, and genial; and Sir Archibald Allison, for example, who has only one arm, because he led the Highlanders over the breastworks at Tel el Kebir, is not to be lightly exchanged as companion at dinner or dance with any man whatsoever in his salad days.

I dwelt casually upon this matter one day at breakfast, and said: "While I do not claim to be a learned, a skilled youngmanologist, dear Lady B——, in idle moments I occasionally dabble in the science. Is the species unknown in the British Isles?"

She smiled a little anxiously, and, in tones slightly tinctured with marmalade and alarm, said she had frequently heard the American young woman required an abnormal supply of these luxuries to keep her contented, but that they were rare, expensive, and shy in England; that they were never tamed before marriage, and often very insufficiently then; and that they were extremely restive during confinement between walls. To see them, one must seek them out-of-doors.

Part of this I knew, by personal observation, to be true, having latterly spent a few days in a country house, where the only man of the party—serious in his views, and recently made a member of Parliament—was afflicted with frequent attacks of a sort of wild-animal restlessness, only to be soothed by "going out and getting a little air" by stepping ten miles across the hills and back.

Now there was once the daughter of a hundred earls, who was the eldest of six sisters, and who had been out three seasons. At the end of the fourth she wedded the son of a knight who made biscuits and millions. That very week she gave a garden party, and Lady B—— and I went. It was not far from London, but there were acres and acres of beautiful velvety park, with great oaks and immemorial elms, deer, and pretty white sheep; lakes with blossoming lilies, and swans lighter than the lily blooms; gorgeous peacocks sunning themselves and screaming on the garden wall; and within that more acres of roses, of glass houses full of pines, peaches, and orchids; and lastly, bands playing under the trees, and marquees full of strawberries, wines, and ices. All this had the English public given the good knight in exchange for his appetizing and well-cooked biscuits—including the charming daughter of a hundred earls. He wore a magenta necktie, but was a fine, handsome, hearty old knight. And all the earl's daughters were there. So were the earl's sons, and the sons of more earls, not to mention the sons of commoners. In a show of hands the women would not have carried the day by more than two to one, and that was much to say of any London function.

But even here in the open country, with convenient covert should he take alarm, the young Englishman is still totally heterogeneous from the young English maid. On the wild, free plains of America, where he is not so fiercely hunted, man has been known to grow tame enough to eat from the hand; but here it is useless to look for it. Should a young woman but put her forefinger and thumb together, he is off with a frightened whir. He suspects a pinch of salt.

Groups of tall, fair, handsome men, faultlessly arrayed, stand about depressedly, segregated and sad. Elsewhere groups of young women, resignedly cheerful. No "attentions without intentions" allowed here, it seems. Every one is slightly gloomy in consequence. It is this, I discover upon examination, which makes English society so low-spirited. Young women is not permitted to frivol away her time upon ineligibles, or frolic about with a free mind. She must have at all times a sad and serious eye to matrimony. There are 700,000 more of them in the island than there are men. Man feels this, and is restive under it. He cannot indulge in gay dalliance without a watchful regard upon Doctors-Commons and wedding favors. By consequence he flies from the haunts of the young unmarried women, and wanders, lonely but free, in the fields.

[illegible] a cripple, [illegible] is eight [illegible]. No one had [illegible] at [illegible] time, the child not com[illegible]ing; but later, going with his aunt and [illegible] to distribute the holiday gifts to the cottagers, he had been quiet and a little pale. The footman helped him out of the carriage on his return, and he slowly mounted the steps, waiting just inside the great hall door while the elders lingered to give some orders. There his mother found him, with his chin drooping forward almost to his knees, and an expression of white horror and fright on his little face.

"Stand up, Archie!" she cried, angrily. "What do you mean by taking such an attitude as that?"

"Oh, I can't—I *can't* stand up!" shrieked the child, bursting into tears, and still hanging his head down to his knees.

They took him up to bed, where he remained for twelve years, and never shed another tear or made another complaint. And when he was twenty he could walk again, but was no bigger than the well-grown boy of eight, and had a hump between his shoulders. He went to Oxford then, and passed through his course with honors, and is now a man of brains and ability and great charm of manner. He is shy at first, but I have some time since learned to harden my heart against this awkward rudeness of the English "first manner," and prattle gently on till my friend discovers my American origin and takes courage. They have learned now that our astonishing friendliness on first meeting conceals no sinister intention, and let themselves go with an air of great relief and a touching confidence that not even the most determined seeker after matrimony could have the heart to abuse.

Some days later there came a note from Lord N——, saying that his house-boat was being towed down to Henley for the week's races, and he greatly desired the three of us to come and spend the day upon it. The weather was of that faultless June variety that now and then occurs in England to keep up the belief of the nation in a heaven, and Henley is the great rowing event and open-air carnival of the London year.

"The English young man is at his best at Henley," said Lady B——. "Blonds come out well in those *degage* flannelly costumes. They will please you better than they did at the garden party, vengeful, gloomy, and constrained, in tops hats, because at Henley they have something to do."

So we went—that is, Sir Frederick and I did, Lady B—— being afflicted with a *migraine* at the last minute. Lord N——'s boat was a large one, and moored to the willow-grown bank on the right side. Between democracy and aristocracy the gulf of the river was fixed. The meadows of the left bank were crowded with hired drags, with omnibuses with gay parties on the roof whooping with middle-class glee to the accompanying pop of beer corks. Gypsies and general refreshment booths are doing a good business among them. On our side of the river are two miles of continuous house-boats, which vie with one another in extravagant floral decorations. Our boat is made of oiled walnut, our awning is in stripes of dark blue and scarlet, and everywhere that they can find space to rest stands a dark blue jar filled with blossoming plants of the scarlet geranium. Under this awning is spread upon the flat roof of the house-boat the long luncheon table heaped with cold meats, jellies, strawberries, ices. Grouped about are deep wicker chairs upholstered in scarlet, and from these we look out over the hedge of flowers upon the gay scene upon the water. The river is a broad, slow-moving procession of small boats—skiffs, randans, punts, and canoes. Every one carries its freight of girls in light gowns and men in boating flannels, also a spread of Japanese parasols, and the boat heaped everywhere with flowers. One dark-faced Ruth under a wide hat is dressed in pale green, and has adorned her canoe with wreaths of poppies. Among them perches the black snake-like prow of a gondola, in which are four girls in blue Venetian peasant dress, playing a quartette of mandolins and singing barcarolles. Also nigger minstrels with banjoes and doubtfully funny ballads, who pass up nets on long poles for pennies. It is impossible to imagine a scene more gay, vivid, and beautiful.

Lady N—— has robbed the cradle and the grave, or at least a hospital, to make up her list it would seem, for first she collars me and casts me out into the cold world and canoe with a little boy with a dark and dreadful past, and then she sacrifices me to an aged general who had lost a leg and damaged an arm while serving his country, and whose only remark [illegible] is [illegible] [illegible] to make [illegible] blood [illegible]. [illegible] of eighteen, perhaps, and as he [illegible] me about this war or carnival he unfolds some of his blackest and most hideous deeds. The "lordly villyun" is a babe in innocence to this unfledged fiend. He is gloomy, but quite unremorseful over it; and when I persuade him to paddle me over to some friends on the Life-guards' house boat, he drinks their champagne with an air as who should quaff bumpers of smoking gore. Being cast adrift again with the old general, I find the burden of conversation lies upon my shoulders, and trot out a few American jokes by way of enlivening the situation. He listens intently but with stolid, crushing gravity, and as the moments pass I grow desperate, and bring out the choicest of my store—those kept for special occasions and intimate friends. When, breathless and exhausted, I sink into silence, he remarks, with sphinx-like solemnity, "I've got a sense of humor too, but I could never see the use of putting it into words!" I am taken back to the boat in tears.

But there are many charming men to be seen, the flower of English youth: ruddy, clean-featured, clean-limbed, graceful, rather serious, and very much at home upon the water. One of the finest of them is Guy Nickalls, of Magdalen College, Oxford, who carries everything before him in the races, and whether alone or with others whirls his boat into victory with a swing of those superb muscles. Handsome, blond, a magnificent young fellow of almost insolent vitality, the men adore him, the women idolize him as he stalkes condescendingly about when his work is done. He is only twenty-three and the English amateur champion. Every once in a bit the throng of craft is pushed back, the steam-launch of the governors of the race clears a path along the river, two long razor boats full of pendulum swinging men with flashing oars shoot past, there are shouts, and hurrahs, and waving of handkerchiefs, and somebody has won something, I am not quite sure what. They are done at last the races—and with them the day. A pink and golden dusk falls upon the river, and from the house-boats suddenly begin to blossom many lights—soft-tinted bubbles of Oriental lanterns strung in looped necklaces and matching the colors of the flowers. Colonel North, the nitrate king, has a great white boat with a pale pink awning, and hedges of Roman daisies and pink pelargoniums growing on all its ledges. Now globes of rosy radiance glow out from it, matching the faint after-glow yet lingering in the heavens. Another boat is white, with green awnings, and myriads of buttercups growing upon its roof, and shows lanterns of pale green and gold. The sound of music and laughter is heard in the darkness on the water until far into the night. The Guards and the smart clubs who have lawns giving upon the water set their bands playing and have fireworks; but at last, toward midnight, the voices die away, the lights go out—the first day of the Henley week is done, and the river is left to silence and stars.

ELIZABETH BISLAND.

The Queen of Roumania as Woman and Writer.

Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania, whom everybody knows as Carmen Sylva, has more title than any other royalty to the name of a "literary queen." But besides her merits as an author, she is a very remarkable woman, who has earned the gratitude of women all over the world by her efforts to raise the condition of her sex in her adopted country. The interest felt in Queen Elizabeth in England suggests that a few details of her social and literary life will not be unwelcome at this moment.

Carmen Sylva, who is now forty seven, is the daughter of Prince Herman of Wied. When very young she delighted in joining in the play of children of the humbler class, and she yearned to attend the village school, more especially in the class for singing. One fine morning she set off with the farmers' children to school; the singing class began and the new pupil sang so lustily, and opened her pretty mouth so wide that a farmer's daughter placed her hand over her mouth, thinking it undignified for a princess to make so much noise! Soon a Jager came in search of the truant, and this was the first and last time that Carmen Sylva went to school. In 1861 Princess Elizabeth passed some time at the Court of Berlin, making the acquaintance of Prince Charles in rather a romantic manner: for her foot slipped on going hastily down a staircase, the gallant [illegible] [illegible] arms, [illegible] grace [illegible] rows of pearly [illegible] a profusion of light wavy hair, and exquisitely formed hands.

Carmen Sylva adds to her talent for reading aloud the talent of talking. It has been said that any one having the honor of a long conversation with her would wish to take down in short-hand, or by the aid of a phonograph, every word the Queen said. This is so even when trivial matter is the subject. But when poetry or literature is the subject, then indeed she becomes the brightest and most animated of the company. The first work from her pen which was given to the world was "Les Pensees d'une Reine," which came out in Paris. Next appeared "Sturme," a collection of poems, published in Bonn, which was followed by a volume of "Peleschi Legends," more fancifully styled "From Carmen Sylva's Realm." One pleasing trait may be noted apropos of these royal essays in literature: her Majesty disdained to exploit the Queen in the interests of the writer, or to make a hit by means of her position.

Her *Pensees* are frequently of striking originality and full of common sense. Here are a few examples:

If a woman is bad, the man is the cause of it.

About "The wife":

Among savages the woman is a beast of burden, among the Turks an article of luxury, among the Europeans both.

The lady of the great world seldom remains the wife of her own husband.

A woman should possess great virtue, for it often happens that she has to provide enough for both herself and her husband.

Of love Carmen Sylva says:

True love knows nothing of forgiveness, for if one forgives one loves no longer.

The jealousy of those who love us is a flattery.

Husband and wife should never cease to make love to each other a little.

Here are a few more general reflections:

True happiness is—duty. It takes hundreds of sweet-smelling leaves to make a rose, and hundreds of purest joys to complete our happiness.

How unhappy must that man be who attempts twice to take his own life.

A too exacting housewife is in continual despair. One would often be glad to find a little less scrubbing and more repose in the home.

If two intellectual women cannot succeed in making anything out of a man, then there is nothing in him.

Carmen Sylva begins her literary work before it is day. She disturbs no one, neither his Majesty nor even a maid. She lights her own lamp, and works until the sun brings more light. She is very cordial to her friends, who are made to feel thoroughly at home. While the King has a fondness for wearing his uniform when at Kastell Pelesch, the Queen likes to be in walking costume or the pretty Roumanian peasant dress. Every day when the Queen used to go to her sanctum amid the trees, the children of the work-people engaged on the building of the palace were accustomed to run forward and kiss the royal hand. On one occasion one of her youthful friends was missing. She was found suffering from diphtheria in her parents' cottage, and the Queen, who loves children, nursed the little one until it died in her arms. She had the misfortune to lose her own and only son. It was the sorrow of her life, but, instead of dulling its usefulness with any settled selfish melancholy, the loss was the beginning of a chapter of increased activity. Ever since the Queen has been more thoughtful for those in trouble and more indefatigable in her efforts for education and on behalf of the women of Roumania, who certainly stand in need of all the help and encouragement that they can get.

Mr. J. A. Froude, the eminent historian, was a personal friend of Cardinal Newman in the Littlemore days; but in later years they became divided on account of Mr. Froude's fierce antagonism to the Catholic Church. It is a curious fact that Mr. Froude, who was a clergyman of the Anglican Church, seceded from it. But instead of following Newman and Cardinal Manning, he became a broad thinker, and the historian of that epoch in English history when the contest between Rome and England was at its highest, and when Elizabeth, guided by Burleigh and Walsingham, reluctantly emancipated the English Church from the rule of the papacy.

Don't fail to read our Census Competition on another page.

FOUND.

It was getting late: the last omnibus had gone, and the few remaining pedestrians in the Euston road were hurrying homeward, anxious to leave that dismal thorough fare behind. The footsteps gradually growing fainter, seemed to leave a greater desolation, though one man at least appeared to be in no hurry as he strode listlessly along, as if space and time were of one accord to him. A tall, powerful figure, with bronzed features and long brown beard, betrayed the traveller: and, in spite of the moody expression of face, there was a kindly gleam in the keen gray eyes—the air of one who, though he would have been a determined enemy, would doubtless have proved an equally staunch friend.

A neighboring clock struck 12, and Lancelot Graham increased his pace; anything was better than the depressing gloom of this dismal thoroughfare, with its appearance of decayed gentility and desolate grimy pretentiousness. But at this moment a smart pull at the pedestrian's coat-tails caused him to turn around sharply, with all his thoughts upon pickpockets bent. But what he saw was the figure of a child barring his path, as if intent upon obstructing his further progress.

"I'se lost," said the little one, simply; "will you please find me?"

Graham bent down, so that his face was on a level with the tiny speaker. They were immediately beneath a gas lamp, and the astonished man, as he gazed carefully at the child, found her regarding him with eyes of preternatural size and gravity. There was not one particle of fear in the small face, in its frame of bright, sunny hair—nothing but the calm, resolute command of one who issues orders and expects them to be obeyed; a child quaintly, but none the less handsomely dressed, and evidently well cared for and nourished.

Graham pulled his beard in some perplexity, and looked round with a faint anticipation of finding a policeman. Like most big men, he had a warm corner in his heart for children, and there was something in the tiny mite's imperiousness which attracted him strangely.

"And whose little girl are you?" he asked, gravely.

"I'se mamma's, and I'se lost, and please will you find me."

"But I have found you, my dear," Graham responded helplessly, but not without an inward laugh at the childish logic.

"Yes, but you haven't found me prop'ly. I want to be found nice, and taked home to mamma, because I'se so dreffly hungry."

The ingenuous speaker was without doubt the child of a refined mother, as her accent and general air betrayed. It was a nice quandary, nevertheless, for a single man, said Lance Graham to himself, considering the hour and the fact of being a prisoner in the hands of an imperious young lady, who not only insisted upon being found, but made a point of that desirable consummation being conducted in an orthodox manner.

"Well, we will see what we can do for you," said Graham, becoming interested as well as amused. "But you must tell me where you live, little one."

She looked at him with quiet scorn, as if such a question from a man was altogether illogical and absurd. But, out of consideration for such lamentable ignorance, the child vouchsafed the desired information.

"Why"—with widely open blue eyes—"I live with mamma!"

"This is awful," groaned the questioner. "And where does mamma live?"

"Why, she lives with me; we both live together."

Graham leaned against the lamp-post and laughed outright. To a lonely man in London—and Alexander Selkirk in his solitude was no more excluded from his fellows than a stranger in town—the strange conversation was at once pleasant and piquant. When he recovered himself a little, he asked, with becoming and respectful gravity, for a little information concerning the joint author of the little blue-eyed maiden's being.

"He's runned away," she replied, with a little extra solemnity. "He runned away just before I became a little girl."

Lance became conscious of approaching symptoms of another fit of laughter, only something in the fearless violet eyes checked the rising mirth.

"He must have been a very bad man, then," he observed.

"He runned away," repeated the child, regarding her new-found friend with reproachful gravity, "and mamma loves him, she does."

"And do you love him, too, little one?"

"Yes I love him, too. And when I say my prayers I say, 'Please, God, bless dear runaway papa, and bring him home again, for Jesus' ke, amen.'"

Graham, hard cynical man of the world as he was, did not laugh again.

A man must be far gone, indeed, if such simple earnestness and touching belief as this cannot move him to the core. All the warmth and love in his battered heart went out to the child in a moment.

"I do not know what to do with you," he observed. "I do not know who your mamma is, but I must look after you, young lady."

"I'se not a young lady; I'se Nelly. Take me home to mamma."

"But I don't know where she is," said Graham forlornly.

"Then take me home to your mamma."

"Confiding," said Graham, laughing again "not to say complacent, only, unfortunately, I don't happen to have one."

"I dess you re too big," said Nelly, with a little nod, and then, as if the whole matter was comfortably settled, "Carry me."

"Suppose I take you home with me?" Graham observed, having quickly abandoned the idea of proceeding to the nearest police station, "and then we can look for mamma in the morning. I think you had better come with me," he added, raising the light burden in his arms

"All right," Nelly replied, clasping him lovingly round the neck, and laying her smooth cheek comfortably against his bronzed face. "I fink that will be very nice. Then you can come and see mamma in the morning, and perhaps she will let you be my new papa."

"What about the other one?" asked Graham.

"Oh, then I can have two," replied the little lady, by no means abashed; "we can play horses together. Where do you live?"

The speaker put this latter question with great abruptness, as children will when they speak of matters quite foreign to the subject under discussion.

"Not very far from here," Lance replied meekly.

"I'e so glad. I'e dreffly hungry. And I like milk for supper."

Mr. Graham smiled at this broad hint, and dutifully promised that the desired refreshment should be forthcoming at any cost. The walk, enlivened by quaint questions and scraps of childish philosophy, proved to be a short one, and, indeed, from Euston road to Upper Bedford place can scarcely be called a long journey. So Graham carried his tiny acquaintance to his room, and installed her in state before the fire, bidding her remain there quietly while he retired to consult his landlady upon the important question of supper.

Little Nellie's remark, was not beside the mark when she confessed to the alarming extent of her appetite, for the bread and milk disappeared with considerable celerity, nor did the imperturable young lady disdain a plate of biscuits suggested by Graham as a follower. Once the novelty of the situation had worn off he began to enjoy the pleasant sensation, and to note with something deeper than pleasure his visitor's sage remarks and noticeable absence of anything like shyness. When she had concluded her repast, she climbed upon his knee in great content.

"Tell me a tale," she commanded; "a nice one.

"Yes my darling, certainly," Graham replied, feeling as if he would have attempted to stand on his head, if she had called for that form of entertainment. "What shall I tell you about?"

"Bears. The very, very long one about the three bears."

"I am afraid I can't remember that," Lance returned meekly. "You see my education has been neglected. If it had been tig as now—"

"Well," said the imperious Nelly, with a sigh of resignation, and perhaps a little in deprecation of such deplorable ignorance, "I dess the bears will have to wait. Only it must be about a real tiger."

Graham, obedient to this request, proceeded to relate a personal adventure in the simplest language at his command. That he should be so doing did not appear to be the least ludicrous. As if he had been a family man, and the child his own, he told the thrilling story.

"I like tales," said Nelly, when at length the thrilling narrative concluded. "Did you ever see a real lion?"

"Often. And now, isn't it time little girls were in bed!"

"But I don't want to go to bed. And I never go till I'se said my prayers."

"Well, say them now, then."

"When I's a bit gooder. I'se got a naughty think inside me. When the naughty think's gone, then I'll say my prayers."

"But I want to go to bed myself."

"You can't go till I'se gone." Nelly returned, conclusively. "Tell me all about lions."

"Don't know anything about lions."

"Then take me home to mamma."

"My dear child," said Graham, with a gravity he was far from feeling, "can't you understand that you must wait till morning. They have made you a nice bed, and it's very late for little girls to be up."

"Let me see it. Carry me."

The imperious tones were growing very drowsy. When at length Graham's rebiscuit, good-natured landlady called him into the room, he stopped in the doorway in silent admiration of perhaps the prettiest picture he had ever seen. With her face fresh and rosy, her fair golden hair twisted round her head, she stood upon the bed and held on a pair of arms invitingly.

"What, not asleep yet?" he asked, "and nearly morning, too."

The old look of reproach crept into the child's sleepy eyes. "Not till I have said my prayers. Take me on your lap while I say them."

Graham placed the little one on his knees listening reverently to the broken medley of words uttered with the deepest solemnity, Yet every word distinctly uttered, even to the plea for the absent father, till the listener found himself wondering what kind of man this recalcitrant parent might be. Presently Nelly concluded. "And God bless you," she exclaimed lovingly, accompanying her words with a kiss. "And now I will go to sleep."

When Graham woke next morning he did so with a violent pain at his chest, and a general feeling that his beard was being forcibly torn from his chin. It was early yet, but his tiny visitor was abroad. She had established herself upon the bed, where she was engaged in some juvenile amusement, in which the victim's long beard apparently played an important part in the programme. As he opened his eyes the child laughed merrily. "Don't move," she exclaimed, peremtorily; "I'se playing horses. You'se the horse, and these is the reins," and, giving utterance to these words, she gave a sharp pull at his cherished hirsute appendage, and recommenced her recreation vigorously.

A man may be passionately fond of children, but when it comes to a healthy child lying upon his chest, and a pair of lusty little arms lugging at a sensitive portion of his anatomy, the time has arrived when a little admonition becomes almost necessary.

"Nelly, you are hurting me," Graham cried sharply.

She looked in his face a moment, apparently seeking to know if he spoke with a dual meaning, as children ofttimes do. Then, deciding that he spoke the truth, there came an affectionate reaction in his favor.

"Poor, poor," she said soothingly, rubbing her cheek against his. "Nelly is a naughty girl, and I'se so sorry."

"You are a good little girl to say you are sorry."

"Give me some sweeties, then," Nelly answered promptly. "Whenever I tell mamma I'se sorry she says 'Good little girl,' and gives me sweeties."

"Presently, perhaps. And now run away while I dress."

Obedient to this request, the child kissed him again, and, after one regretful glance at the beard, and a sigh for the vanished equestrian exercise, jumped from the bed and disappeared. Graham was not, however, destined to be left long in peace over his toilet, which was not more than half completed when Nelly returned again, and, seating herself in a chair, watched gravely every movement of this deeply interesting ceremony.

"Isn't you going to shave?" she asked reproachfully, as Graham with a smile indicated that his labor was complete.

"I never shave," he answered. "What would you have to play horses with if I did?"

This practical logic seemed to confound Miss Nelly for a moment, but with the pertinacity worthy of a better cause she replied:

"All gentlemans shave. There is one in our house, and I go to him every morning, I like to see him scrape the white stuff off——I'se dreffly hungry."

But by this time Graham had grown quite accustomed to these startling changes in the flow of Miss Nelly's eloquence, though he could not fail to admit the practical drift of the concluding observation.

"Nelly," he asked, seriously, when the healthy appetite had been fully appeased, "let us go to business. Now what is mamma's name!"

"Nellie, too," the child replied. "Pass the bread and butter, please."

"And you do not know where you live?"

"No. But it is not far from the station, where the trains are, I can hear them all day when mamma is out."

"Not a particularly good clew in a place like London," reflected the questioner. "What is mamma like?" he asked. "What does she do?"

"She is very beautiful, beautifuller than me ever so," Nellie answered, reverently. "And she goes out at night—every night. And once she took me. There were a lot of people, whole crowds of them, and when mamma came in her beautiful dress they all seemed very glad to see her I thought."

Evidently an actress, Graham determined—and some clew though still a very faint one. Still, by the time breakfast was concluded he had matured his plan of action. He hailed a passing cab, and drove away with the intention, in the first place, of visiting the first police station in the neighborhood of the Euston road, as the most likely place to glean the information of which he was in search.

"Are we going back to mamma?" Nelly asked as they drove away.

"Yes, darling, if we can find her," Graham replied gravely. He began to comprehend how much the involuntary little guest would be missed. "She must have been terribly anxious about you."

"She will cry then," Nelly observed reflectively. "She often cries at night when I am in bed, and says such funny things. Did your mamma cry when she put you to bed?"

"I can't remember," said Graham carelessly. "I dare say she did. I used to be very naughty at times."

"But big people can't be naughty—only little boys and girls; mamma says so, and she is always right."

"I hope so. What will she say to her naughty little girl?"

"I know," came the confident reply: "she will look at me as if she is going to beat me, and then she will cry, like she does when I ask about papa."

But any other confidences were checked by the arrival of the cab at the police station. The interview was not however, entirely satisfactory. A stern looking but kindly guardian of the peace, replying to Graham's questions, vouchsafed the information that no less than five people had visited the station during the previous night in search of lost children. It was a common occurrence enough, though usually the children were speedily found. In his perplexity Graham suggested that if the officer saw Miss Nelly he might perchance be able to give some information; in answer to which the constable shook his head doubtfully. Directly he saw the child his stolid face brightened.

"Bless me, of course I know her!" he exclaimed. "My wife keeps a lodging house, and this young lady's mother lives in the same street. I can give you the address if you like, sir, or I will take charge of her."

Graham demurred to this proposal for two reasons; first, because he felt a strange reluctance in parting with his tiny friend, and, secondly, he felt some curiosity to see the mother.

The house to which he found himself directed was by no means a striking looking one, nor by any stretch of imagination could it be called aristocratic. There was about it a general air of pretentious seediness—dingy curtains and windows more or less grimy, in contrast to a new red front; a house to be summed up in the expressive expression, "shabby genteel!"—such an abode in fact, as is usually affected by those who have "seen better days." In answer to the bell, and on inquiring for Mrs. Gray, a swarth domestic vouchsafed the information that she was in, coupled with a side whisper to Miss Nelly containing the dire intelligence that she would "catch it." Mrs. Gray was not yet down, Graham discovered, having been out very late the previous night in search of her child. In answer to an invitation, Graham followed the dusky maid up the innumerable stairs leading to Mrs. Gray's room and sat himself down patiently to wait her coming.

He had time to note the common hard furniture, the never-failing neutral-tinted brussels carpet, and the dim-looking glass termed by courtesy a mirror, over a mantel decorated with those impossible blue shepherdesses, without which no London lodging house is complete. Some wax flowers under a glass case and a few play bills scattered about completed the adornment of an apartment calculated to engender suicidal feelings in the refined spectator. Graham had time to take in all this; and at the moment when man's natural impatience began to assert itself a rustle of drapery was heard, and Mrs. Gray entered.

She was tall and fair, in age apparently not more than five-and-twenty years, with a fine open face, its natural sweetness chastened by the presence of some poignant sorrow. As she saw the child, a bright smile illuminated every feature, and she snatched Miss Nelly to her arms, covering her with kisses; indeed so absorbed was she in this occupation that she failed to note Graham's presence until Nelly pointed to his direction. Then, and not till then, she looked up to him, her eyes filled with tears. His back being to the light, his features were to be seen but indistinctly.

"I have to thank you deeply, she said,

and her voice was very pleasant to the listener. "You will pardon a mother's selfishness. All night——"

Graham, at first half dazed, like a man in a dream, came quickly forward, and with one bound stood by the speaker's side. He had turned toward the light. She could distinguish every feature now.

"What! Nelly!"

"Lance!"

For a few moments they stood in kind of a dazed fascination, the eyes of each fell upon each other's face. But gradually the dramatic instinct inherent in woman, and carefully trained in her instance, came to Mrs. Gray's assistance. With a little gesture of scorn, she drew her skirts a little closer round her, and as her coldness increased so did Graham's agitation.

"Well, what have you to say to me?" she asked, with quiet scorn. "Have you any excuse to offer after all these years? What! no words, no apology even, for the woman you have wronged so cruelly?"

"I did not wrong you—not intentionally, at least," said Graham, with an effort. "No, there has been no forgetfulness; my memory is as long as yours. It seems only yesterday that I returned from Paris to find my home empty, and proofs, strong as holy writ, of your flight."

"And you believed? You actually believed that I—— Shall I condescend to explain to you how I received a letter to say you were lying there at the point of death, and that I, in honor bound, came to you—only to find that a scoundrel had deceived us both?"

"But I wrote no letter. I——"

"I know you did not—all too late. I know that I was lured to Paris by a vile schemer who called himself your friend. And when I returned, what did I find? That you had gone, never giving me a chance to clear myself. Deceived once, you must needs fancy deceit everywhere."

"But I was ruined," cried Graham. "That scoundrel Leslie had disposed of every penny of our partnership money. I must have been mad I followed him, but we never met till last May—out in California that was. He was dying when I found him; and before he died he told me everything. Nelly, I only did what any other man would have done. Put yourself in my place, and say how you would have acted."

"How would I have acted?" came the scornful reply. "I would have trusted a little. Do you think, if they had come to me and shown me those proofs, I would have believed? Never!"

"Helen listen to me one moment. I was mad then, mad with despair and jealousy, or perhaps I might have hesitated. Let us forget the past and its trials, and be again as we were before. I was wrong, and bitterly have I atoned for my hasty judgment. I am rich now."

"You are rich! Who cares for your riches!" Helen Graham answered passionately, conscious that his words had moved her deeply. "What is wealth when there is no love, or which has been killed by doubt? There would always be something between us, some intangible——"

"My dear wife, for the sake of the little one——" Graham had touched upon a sympathetic chord, and he continued. "It was no mere coincidence which led me to find her last night. Nelly, never at any time in the last four miserable years have I forgotten you. By hard work I have found my lost fortune, but I have not found forgetfulness."

He pointed to the wondering child, who stood regarding the speakers with eyes of deep intense astonishment. The tears rose unbidden to the mother's eyes, but she dashed them passionately away.

"Do you think I have never suffered," she cried, "all this time, with a taint upon me, and the hard struggle I have had to live? As you stand there now you doubt my innocence."

"As heaven is my witness, no!" Graham answered brokenly. "I am no longer blind."

"I thank you for those words, Lance," came the reply, with a certain soft cadence.

"I know you loved me once."

"And I do now. I have never ceased to love you."

"Do not interrupt me for a moment. For the sake of your kindness to my child I forgive you. Friends we may be, but nothing more. She is your child as well as mine. I cannot hinder you from seeing her for the law gives you that power, I know."

"The law," Lance returned bitterly "things are come to a fine pass when husband and wife, one in God's sight, can calmly discuss the narrow laws of man's making. In this little while the child has twined herself round my heart more than I dare confess. I cannot come to you as a friend, you know I cannot. I will not take the little one away from you, and there is no middle course for us to adopt."

There was another and more painful silence than the last. All the dramatic scorn had melted from the injured wife's heart, and left nothing but a warm womanly feeling behind. Strive as she would, there was something magnetic in Graham's pleading tones, conjuring a flood of happy memories from the forgotten past. Graham, throwing all pride to the winds and perfect in his self-abasement, spoke at length, speaking with a quiet, tender earnestness, infinitely more dangerous than any wild exhortation could be.

"Nelly, I must have the truth," said he; "I am alone in the world, nay more, for I am beginning to realize what I have lost. If you will look me in the face and tell me that all the old love is dead, I will go away and trouble you no more."

Lance leaned down and kissed his child with quivering lips. Then with one of her imperious gestures, she pointed to her mother and bade him kiss her too. There was a momentary hesitation, a quick movement on either side, and Helen Graham was sobbing unrestrainedly in her husband's arms.

"As if I could have let you go," she said at length. "Oh, I always knew you would find the truth some day, Lance."

"Yes, thank heaven," he said gravely. "Providence has been very good to us darling."

He turned to little Nelly. "Do you know who I am?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, yes," she cried, clapping her hands gleefully. "You are my own dear runaway papa. Mamma, you musn't let him run away any more."

"You will find him if he does," said Helen with a glorious smile. "But I am not fraid."

When to Marry.

Some discussion has recently taken place as to the proper age at which girls should marry; one of the weekly journals requested its readers to state what in their opinion was the best marrying age; and of all the answers received, the vast majority fixed on twenty-five as the most suitable age, while none mentioned a figure lower than twenty-one. As I myself was married within a couple of months of leaving the schoolroom, I should not like to be too severe on early marriages, but I feel sure that there is a growing feeling in British society against allowing girls to make their final choice too early in life. It is quite the exception for girls in good society to marry before they are eighteen (although the Marchioness of Stafford and the future Duchess of Sutherland entered into the bonds of wedlock on their seventeenth birthday), and many parents object to their daughters marrying till they are over twenty. For my part, it seems to me that it is a question impossible to settl by a fixed rule. There are plenty of girl regarding whom it would be very difficul to bring forward any tangible reason, either physical or moral, to prevent them marrying while still in their teens. On the other hand, there are a large number of English girls—many more, I fancy, than in America—who remain curiously girlish and undeveloped until long after their school years are passed. Under such circumstances mothers ought certainly to defer the marriage question until their daughters are three or four and twenty.

A Condemned Man's Nerve.

One of the coolest and most deliberate attempts at suicide recorded is that of Benjamin Hunter, the murderer of John Armstrong, in Camden, N. J., in 1879. Hunter was confined in the "murderers' cage" in the county jail under charge of the death watch. He complained of chilliness one night, and was permitted to wrap his lower extremities in a blanket. He had previously torn off the rim of his tin cup with his teeth, and had it concealed in his trousers pocket. Talking on commonplace topics to his guard, Hunter secretly took the jagged strip of tin from his pocket, and, concealing his movements with the blanket, began cutting into an artery in left leg. The blood spurted out in jets, and the flow was concealed by Hunter spreading the blanket out like a skirt. He became so weak that he was unable to continue the conversation, and the guard's suspicions were aroused. He made an examination, and found that the murderer was bleeding to death. Physicians were summoned, a ligature was applied and Hunter's life was saved. He was afterward hanged, and it was pretty generally believed that he was dead from fright and sedatives before the cord tightened around his neck.

Improves digestion and strengthens the voice, cleans and preserves the teeth—Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

PRINCESS ROSA AND THE DWARFS

BY PAYSIE.

In a stately old castle, protected by strong walls, and surrounded by a large forest of giant oaks, there lived one time a queen with her two children, a boy and a girl. The young Prince Henry was a brave, handsome youth whom everybody loved, but his sister Princess Rosa, was so beautiful that people came from all parts of the kingdom to get a sight of the lovely maiden. The Queen loved her daughter with such devotion that she could not refuse her any request, and thus the Princess grew to be a wayward, disobedient child, and a source of great annoyance to her teachers, because she was not studious like her brother.

The mother was greatly distressed to see her beautiful daughter grow up in ignorance; but she knew not how to prevent it. Finally she decided to take the advice of the old witch of the desert, who was famed throughout the land for her wisdom. But to enter the witch's castle was no easy task; for the gate was guarded by two fierce lions which never slept, and which could tear in pieces anyone attempting to pass them. Fortunately the Queen knew that the rage of the lions could be subdued by feeding them honey cakes; and providing herself with these she set out on foot alone to the desert. When the Queen had walked many miles she was so overcome with fatigue that she stopped under a large tree to rest, and there fell into a deep sleep.

She was suddenly aroused by a great noise, as of thunder, and to her dismay, she saw the witch's lions rushing toward her. She quickly reached for the honey cakes; but they were gone, and the basket was empty. Hearing the rustling in the branches of the tree, she looked up and saw peering through the leaves the ugly distorted face of a dwarf, who said, in a sharp, piercing voice:

"Queen you are in great danger; how can you hope to escape the lions, when you have no sword?"

"My honey cakes would have tamed the furious beasts," said the Queen; "but I have lost them. Oh, save me from this terrible death."

"On one condition shall I save you," replied the dwarf; "when your daughter, Rosa, is 16 years old, you must give her to me for ten years."

The Queen shuddered at the thought of giving her beautiful daughter to this hideous creature; but the lions came nearer and nearer, and in terror, the Queen cried: "Save me, and I shall give you my daughter.

She then fell into a death-like swoon, and when she revived she was in her own room in the castle. And now the Queen fell very ill, and although the most learned physicians were called, none could give relief to the suffering one. Then the Princess Rosa, who dearly loved her mother, was sore distressed, and thought: "If my mother could only be restored to health, never again should I trouble her with my wilful ways. I shall go to the old witch in the desert. She has healed others, and surely she will not turn me away."

The Princess then prepared the honey-cakes for the lions, and began her dangerous journey. It happened that on the way to the desert stood an orange tree loaded with large, ripe oranges. The Princess placed her basket on the ground and began to pluck the luscious fruit. But at the same instant the roar of the lions sounded with such force that the earth trembled, Rosa hastened to her basket, only to find it empty, and the honey cakes were nowhere to be seen. Then the Princess wrung her hands in despair and cried out with terror. In a moment the dwarf stood before her, and the lions became quiet and gentle and approached no nearer.

"Why do you cry so loud, and for what reason do you come here?" asked the dwarf, Rosa told him that she was on her way to the old witch of the desert to ask the cause of her mother's illness.

"Then you need go no further," said the dwarf; "the Queen is only grieving because she has promised that when you are 16 you shall spend ten years with me."

"I cannot believe that," said the Princess; "for it is not possible that my mother should promise me to so ugly a creature as you."

"I have spoken the truth," said the dwarf; and unless you also give your consent I shall leave you to be devoured by the lions.

And again the furious beasts began to roar in such a frightful manner that the Princess cried: "Save me and I shall do as you desire."

Immediately both the dwarf and the lions disappeared, and the Princess sadly returned home. Rosa went at once to her mother and related her adventures with the dwarf.

"And now, dear mother," she said, "you must grieve no more; for I have thought of a plan to escape this dreadful fate. I shall go to distant lands, beyond the power of the wicked dwarf, and there I shall remain for the ten years."

From that time the Queen began to improve, and when she had entirely recovered the Princess made her preparations for the long journey. At last the day came when Rosa should say good-bye to her home and friends. The royal coach stood at the door, and just as the Princess was about to enter, four peacocks appeared drawing a small red chariot, in which sat the witch of the desert. At the same moment the dwarf himself riding on a huge yellow wildcat rushed into the courtyard and demanded the Princess. Then the brave Prince Henry, drawing his sword, stepped forth and cried: "Be gone, wicked people, and leave my sister in peace, or I shall pierce you with my sword."

But the witch laughed scornfully and cried: "I shall see justice done to my son, the dwarf, and you dare not touch me."

And there arose from the ground two fiery dragons, at the sight of which all the courtiers fled in horror, and the Queen's beautiful daughter was carried away by the hideous dwarf. Then there was great mourning at the castle for the princess Rosa, and for many weeks brave soldiers searched in vain for the lost Princess, Prince Henry traveled into distant lands, there to seek his sister and bring her to the sorrowing mother. When he had searched through many countries he came one evening to the shore of a crystal lake. Pausing there for an instant he heard a voice say: "Prince Henry, listen to me and I will help you."

On looking about for the speaker the Prince discovered rocking in the waves a little nymph, who continued: "The witch of the desert and her son, the dwarf, are our worst enemies, and have often caused much unhappiness to our race. For that reason I wish to destroy them. They have carried your sister to the magic palace in the desert, and in the beautiful garden the Princess wanders and grieves over her sad fate. I shall give you a jeweled sword with which you can safely enter the magic palace and strike lifeless the witch and her son."

The nymph then produced a sword gleaming with gems, and when the Prince had received it and thanked his friend, he joyfully returned to his native land and was not long in hastening to the witch's palace. At the sight of the jeweled sword the raging lion fled away, and unharmed, the Prince entered the garden. Here he was met by a score of beautiful maidens, who cried: "Beware, Prince, the dwarf is thine enemy, and should he find you here death will be your fate. Give us thy sword, and then haste away."

But when the Prince cried, "With this sword I shall slay both the dwarf and his evil mother," the maidens disappeared and the Princess Rosa entered the garden. She was greeting her brother with tears of joy when the dwarf's sharp voice was heard to say: "So you will carry away my prisoner without asking my leave?"

But before he could utter another word, Prince Henry had struck him with his sword, and the wicked dwarf fell dead to the ground. When the witch heard of her son's death she was very angry, and rushed upon the Prince as if to tear him to pieces. But she too was made lifeless by the water nymph's sword. And to-day, in the great desert, may be seen the ruins of the magic palace; while in the stately old castle in the oak forest is shown the jeweled sword which rescued Princess Rosa from the evil dwarf.

The Cheerful Heart.

"The world is ever as we take it,
And life, dear child, is what we make it."

Thus spoke a grandma bent with care,
To little Mabel, flushed and fair.

But Mabel took no heed that day
Of what she heard her grandma say.

Years after when, no more a child,
Her path in life seemed dark and wild.

Back to her heart the memory came
Of the quaint utterance of the dame:

"The world, dear child, is as we take it,
And life, be sure, is what we make it."

She cleared her brow, and smiling thought,
'Tis even as the good soul taught.

And half my woes, thus quickly cured,
The other half may be endured.

No more her heart its shadow wore,
She grew a little child once more.

A little child in love and trust,
She took the world (as we, too, must)

In happy mood; and lo, it grew
Bright and brighter to her view.

She made of life (as we, too, should)
A joy; and lo! all things were good.

Miscellaneous.

The harvest in Great Britain is likely to turn out much better than was at one time expected, especially during the month of August, when the almost incessant rains made the outlook very gloomy. But, according to [illegible] report, all the grain crops are likely to yield up to average. [illegible] or quite 72,000,000 bushels being expected. Of this about 66,000,000 bushels will be marketed, while about 146,000,000 will require to be imported in order to fill up their lack.

There is a feature of the Newfoundland difficulty which may yet involve the parties to the dispute in very serious trouble. It appears that the French government has enlarged the meaning of the concession granted to French fishermen so as to embrace the right of jurisdiction over its own subjects to the exclusion of any interference on the part of the Newfoundland authorities. Encouraged by this interpretation of the treaty French skippers have been ignoring Newfoundland law and law courts. The claim however is resisted by the Newfoundland government which has enforced its laws even to imprisoning the Frenchmen. Evidently there is material here for a very unpleasant tangle.

About a year ago twenty families of Mennonites who had settled in Manitoba, acting under the enchantment which distance often lends, left their brother colonists at Gretna and proceeded to Oregon where they hoped to enrich themselves at a rate impossible on the Canadian plains. Their experience has disillusioned them, and, disgusted with the country, they are returning to the land whence they went out, if not richer at least wiser men. Probably they were deceived by the glowing accounts of unscrupulous land agents whose living is gained by duping others. This game will soon be up, however, for intending settlers are finding out that the Canadian Northwest is nothing behind the most-praised regions of the territories to the south.

St. Paul's Cathedral, London, has been the scene of a tragedy in which a man died by his own hand. The circumstance has raised the question, whether, in view of a suicide having been committed within its precincts, the Cathedral must undergo a new consecration? This is, it seems, the traditional law in such cases, instances being on record where after a suicide within it the Cathedral has been closed until the process of purification has been performed That any good reason can be given for the traditional usage, does not appear. To many it will be a puzzle to understand how the building has been rendered any less sacred by the tragic event, or how its sacredness would be increased by a renewal of the ceremony of consecration. But in these things perhaps it is not well to be too exacting, seeing that a severe application of reason would demolish many an idol now sacredly cherished.

If the movements and professions of Sir Henry Tyler, M. P., president of the Grand Trunk railway, are to be considered as of any importance it is evident that that enterprising company is contemplating an extension of their line both east and west. During his recent visit to Winnipeg, Sir Henry gave the citizens of the prairie province to understand that before long the road which he controlled would be at their doors. On the other hand reports from Halifax, which city he has just visited, state, that he has been interviewing eastern M. P.'s and urging them to bring pressure to bear upon the government to grant a subsidy for the extension of the Temiscouata railway to Moncton which would give the Grand Trunk a short line to Halifax over Canadian soil, and make it independent of Portland as a winter port. In that event, Sir Henry is of the opinion, the A[illegible], and other lines which now run to Portland, Boston and Baltimore will make their winter terminus at Halifax.

Not satisfied with enforcing against the Jews the edict of 1882 by which at least a million of this greatly persecuted people will be deprived of their homes and cast forth as wanderers on the earth, the Russian authorities are preparing to go to still greater lengths of cruelty and barbarism. According to a St. Petersburg correspondent, the Russian Minister of the Interior is preparing a law auth[illegible] the [illegible] to Siberia, without [illegible] all foreigners who have [illegible] their own countries, whose gove[illegible] refuse to recognize them. This law, the correspondent says, is directed against the mass of Roumanian Jews who come to Russia. It is clear that Russia intends to be a law unto herself, and has no disposition to heed the protests of other civilized nations against her cruel tyranny. Little wonder that every few days word comes of attempts to assassinate the man who [illegible] how to pity or spare.

FIG. 93.—No. 4753.—MISSES' BASQUE, OPEN ON SHOULDER AND UNDER-ARM SEAMS. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 10 years, 2½ yards; 11, 12 years, 2¾ yards; 13, 14 years, 3 yards; 15, 16 years, 3½ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 10 years, 1¼ yards; 11, 12 years, 1⅜ yards; 13, 14 years, 1½ yards; 15, 16 years, 1¾ yards.

FIG. 93.—Basque 4753, price 20 cents, and skirt No. 4617, price 20 cents, combine to form a neat and stylish frock for a miss, using plaid or plain goods and velvet, and cutting the plaid on the bias if preferred. The skirt is made over the usual lining and has a full back, with the front "broken" by a few folds on either side at the top. A wide border is formed of piece velvet cut on the bias. The full-topped sleeves are of the velvet, as is the collar. The basque has a blunt point, and is without darts, though made over a lining having the usual number of them. The fulness in front is laid in overlapping pleats, tapering to the point. The basque opens down the left shoulder and under-arm seams, and the buttons must be placed closely together, lest the opening sit in a bulky manner, using flat or nearly flat buttons.

Matrimonial Pride.

In his recently published "Trials of a Country Parson," Dr. Jessup tells some amusing anecdotes picked up in Arcady. As thus: "It is very shocking to a sensitive person to hear the way in which the old people speak of their dead wives or husbands exactly as if they'd been horses or dogs. They are always proud of having been [illegible] your husband [illegible] when you talk about them? [illegible] you the truth, sir, I really [illegible]. But my [illegible] husband, he was a man! I don't mix him up. He got killed fighting—you've heerd tell o' that, I make no doubt? The others warn't nothing to him. He'd ha' mixed them up quick enough if they'd interfered wi' him. Lawk ha! He'd 'a made nothing of them!'"

Moderate Gum chewing positively healthful Chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. 5 cents.

Rural dissipation—a meadow "lark."

What is a Day's Labor?

One day's work for a healthy liver is [illegible] secrete th[illegible] and a half p[illegible] of bile. If the bile secretion be deficient, constipation ensues; if profuse, biliousness and jaundice arise. Burdock Blood Bitters is the most perfect liver regulator known in medicine for preventing and curing all liver troubles.

If the devil ever hits you it will be because your back is turned toward him.

Catarrh

IS a blood disease. Until the poison is expelled from the system, there can be no cure for this loathsome and dangerous malady. Therefore, the only effective treatment is a thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the best of all blood purifiers. The sooner you begin the better; delay is dangerous.

"I was troubled with catarrh for over two years. I tried various remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no benefit until I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few bottles of this medicine cured me of this troublesome complaint and completely restored my health."—Jesse M. Boggs, Holman's Mills, N. C.

"When Ayer's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me for catarrh, I was inclined to doubt its efficacy. Having tried so many remedies, with little benefit, I had no faith that anything would cure me. I became emaciated from loss of appetite and impaired digestion. I had nearly lost the sense of smell, and my system was badly deranged. I was about discouraged, when a friend urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and referred me to persons whom it had cured of catarrh. After taking half a dozen bottles of this medicine, I am convinced that the only sure way of treating this obstinate disease is through the blood."—Charles H. Maloney, 113 River st., Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

Cards FREE Send your name and address on a postal card for all the latest styles of [illegible] Cards, [illegible] Samples of all free. HOME and YOUTH, Cadiz, Ohio.

Eagle Steam Washer

No wash-board or wash-boiler required, no rubbing, no wear on your clothes. **Good Agents Wanted.** Send for Illustrated Catalogue and terms. Manufactured by

MEYER BROS., 87 Church St., Toronto.

Also Wringers, Mangles, etc.

Apple Curiosities.

The virtues of the apple as a fruit have been celebrated from time immemorial, and few fruits have so many legends associated with them. The garden of the Hesperides was the garden of the golden apple, just as our Avalon is the Isle of Apples. "Of all fruits," it has been written, "the apple seems to have had the widest and most mystical history. The myths concerning it meet us in every age and country. Aphrodite bears it in her hand, as well as Eve. The serpent guards it; the dragon watches it. It is celebrated by Solomon; is the healing fruit of Arabian tales. Ulysses longs for it in the gardens of Alcinous; Tantalus grasps vainly for it in Hades. In the prose Edda it is written: "Iduna keeps in a box apples, which the gods, when they feel old age approaching, have only to taste to become young again. It is in this manner that they will be kept in renovated youth until Ragnarok—the general destruction. Azrael, the Angel of Death, accomplished his mission by holding it to his nostrils; and in folk-lore Snowdrop is tempted to her death by an apple, half of which a crone has poisoned, but recovers life when the fruit falls from her lips. The Golden Bird seeks the Golden Apples of the King's garden in many a Norse story; and when the tree bears no more, Frau Bertha reveals to her favorite that it is because a mouse gnaws at the tree's root. Indeed, the kind mother goddess is sometimes personified as an apple tree, but oftener the apple is the tempter in northern mythology and sometimes makes the nose grow, so that the pear alone can bring it to a moderate size."

Housewives Duties.

Good housewives all who daily war
  Against King Dirt and General Muss,
Should always be in dust—in dust—
  Should always be indust-rious.

And we, though toiling busily
  Through sunlight or through gloomy hours,
Should not neglect our men—our men—
  Should not neglect our men-tal powers.

We should not use the goods of earth
  As mere utilitarians do;
But we should con—should con—should con—
  Should con-template earth's beauties, too.

If we have toiled beyond our strength,
  And stolen hours from sleep away,
We should make rest—make rest—make rest—
  Make rest-itution while we may.

Now housewife, pray take this advice,
  Its wisdom you'll perceive at length,
Don't be a fool—a fool—a fool—
  A fool-ish waster of your strength.

'Tis hard to live without the pale
  Of true success, and toil alway;
You should get in—get in—get in—
  Get in-terest on what you pay.

Now, blessings be on housewives all
  Whose steps in duty's path are bent,
And may they march beneath the ban—
  The ban—the ban-ner of content.

600 SONGS. THE GREATEST! THE BEST! THE CHEAPEST! **WORDS & MUSIC**

Satisfaction Guaranteed in Every Case, or Money Refunded

WHY PAY 40 CENTS FOR ONE SONG WHEN YOU CAN GET THIS BOOK WITH 600 FOR THE SAME PRICE?

600 MULTUM IN PARVO SONGSTER 30c.

English, Irish, and American Songs — Sentimental, Comic, Operatic and Ethiopian

Old-favorite Printed. SOME OF ITS CONTENTS: Annie Laurie, Baby mine, Bay of Biscay, Cousin, Captain Jinks, Dandy Pat, Danube River, Araby's daughter, Auld lang syne, Bachelor's fare, Bacon and greens, Beautiful bells, Beautiful Bessie, Be gone dull care, Bell Brandon, Ben Bolt, Betsy's mistake, Betsy Baker, Beware, Birds in the night, Eureka, Fisher's child, First love, Gaffer Grey, Galley Slave, Haidy Ann, Janet's choice, Chevalier's lament, Clare de kitchen, Coal black rose, Colleen Bawn, Come back to Erin, Concealment, Darby the blast, Dearest Mae, Departed days, Dermot Astore, Ding, dong, bell, Don't come late, Dream is past, In the starlight, I wish you well, I won't be a nun, Jim along Josey, Jim Brown, Jim crack corn, Jim Crow, Johnnie Cope, Johnny Sands, Jolly darky, Jolly raftsman, Jenny Baker, Juanita, Kathleen Aroon, Love's ritornella, Lubly Dine, Maggie Lauder, Maggie's secret, Maiden's prayer, Mary Morrison, Mary of Argyle, Medical student, Mellow horn, Men of Harlech, Miniature, Minstrel boy, Minstrel's return, Miss Lucy Long, Modest bachelor, Molly Bawn, Molly Malone.

From New Plates. SOME OF ITS CONTENTS: Katy darling, Lilly Dale, Lottie Bell, Lorelei, Mary Blane, Mary's dream, Nelly Gray, Old arm-chair, Pesky Ike, Bonnie Dine, Shamrock, Tread-mill, Vicar of Bray, Washing-day, Old Dan Tucker, Old Grimes, Old Ireland for'er, Old Joe, Old King Cole, Old King Crow, Old kitchen clock, Old maid's ball, Old oaken bucket, Old Tubal Cain, Ole grey goose, O Mr. Coon!, Origin of the harp, Robinson Crusoe, Rosin castle, Rural felicity, Seaside cottage, Settin' on a rail, Shabby genteel, Shule agrah, Solomon's temple, Squeak the fife, Standard-bearer, Standard watch, Stop dat knocking, Sweet Kitty May, Sweet long ago, Ten little niggers, Yankee doodle, Ye merry birds, [illegible]... KATIE, LITTLE FISHER MAIDEN, and 590 others.

256 PAGES The above book, containing the words and music of all of above 600 Songs, for sale by all News, Book and Music Dealers, or sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of 30 cents (stamps or silver) by **I. N. TRIFET, 408 Wash. St., Boston, Mass** **30 CENTS**

Are You Fortified?

Your health is a citadel. The winter's storms are the coming enemy. You know that this enemy will sit down for five long months outside this citadel, and do its best to break in and destroy. Is this citadel garrisoned and provisioned? The garrison is your constitution. Is it vigorous or depleted? How long can it fight without help? Have you made provision for the garrison by furnishing a supply of **SCOTT'S EMULSION** of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda? It restores the flagging energies, increases the resisting powers against disease; *cures Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility, and all Anæmic and Wasting Diseases (especially in Children),* keeps coughs and colds out, and so enables the constitution to hold the fort of health. **Palatable as Milk.**

SPECIAL.—Scott's Emulsion is non-secret, and is prescribed by the Medical Profession all over the world, because its ingredients are scientifically combined in such a manner as to greatly increase their remedial value.

CAUTION.—Scott's Emulsion is put up in salmon-colored wrappers. Be sure and get the genuine. Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Manufacturing Chemists, New York. and Belleville. All Druggists.

Don't fail to read our Census Competition on another page.

The LADIES' JOURNAL Bible Competition on another page is well worth perusal.

Don't believe you can get rid of wrinkles by filling in the crevices with powder. Instead give your face a Russian bath every night—that is, to bathe it with water so hot that you wonder how you can stand it, and then, a minute after, with cold water that will make it glow with warmth; dry it with a soft towel and go to bed, and you ought to sleep like a baby while your skin is growing firmer and coming from out of the wrinkles, and you are resting.

As our bodies are formed of clay, so are even our virtues made up of meanness and vice. Add vain glory to avarice, and it rises to ambition. Lust inspires the lover, and selfish wants the friend.

Voice Culture.—Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum improves the voice. Used by the leading singers and actors. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

Equal Rights.

All have equal rights in life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but many are handicapped in the race by dyspepsia, biliousness, lack of energy, nervous debility, weakness, constipation, etc., by completely removing these complaints Burdock Blood Bitters confers untold benefits on all sufferers.

The color line—dealing in paints and dyes.

Miss Mary Campbell, Elm, writes: "After taking four bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, I feel as if I were a new person. I had been troubled with Dyspepsia for a number of years, and tried many remedies, but of no avail, until I used this celebrated Dyspeptic Cure." For all Impurities of the Blood, Sick Headache, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Costiveness, etc., it is the best medicine known.

Ran away with a coachman—the horses.

O. Bortle, of Manchester, Ontario Co., N. Y writes:—"I obtained immediate relief from the use of *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil.* I have had Asthma for eleven years. Have been obliged to sit up all night for ten or twelve nights in succession. I can now sleep soundly all night on a feather bed, which I had not been able to do previous to using the Oil.

The lady Godiva must have had exceptionally long hair since it completely concealed her lovely person. Since Ayer's Hair Vigor came into use such examples are not so rare as formerly. It not only promotes the growth of the hair, but gives it a rich, silken texture.

"The harp that once through Tara's Halls." But was it only once? I have heard it a hundred times; heard it when it seemed that the harpist was going to Tara's Harp all in pieces.

Imperial Federation

Will present an opportunity to extend the fame of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry the unfailing remedy for cholera, cholera morbus, colic, cramps, diarrhœa, dysentery, and all summer complaints, to every part of the Empire. Wild Strawberry never fails.

A Hebrew antiquarian asserts that Christopher Columbus was a Jew. But he paid his way across the Atlantic—that is to say, he didn't have a pass-over.

A STINGING SENSATION IN THROAT AND PALATE called heartburn, and oppression at the pit of the stomach after eating, are both the offspring of dyspepsia. Alkaline salts like carbonate of soda may relieve but cannot remove the cause. A lasting remedy is to be found in Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. Those associate organs the liver and bowels, benefit in common with their ally, the stomach, by the use of this benign and blood-purifying remedy.

Some one has sent us an essay on the Effects of Electricity on Milk. It is the effects of water on milk that the public is mostly interested in.

Mrs. A. Nelson, Brantford, writes: "I was a sufferer from Chronic Dyspepsia for eleven years. Always after eating, an intense burning sensation in the stomach, at times very distressing, caused a drooping and languid feeling, which would last for several hours after eating. I was recommended by Mr. Popplewell, Chemist, of our city, to try Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, and I am thankful to say that I have not been better for years; that burning sensation and languid feeling has all gone, and food does not lie heavy on my stomach. Others of my family have used it with best results.

DON'T DESPAIR OF RELIEF, if troubled with Chronic Dyspepsia or Constipation. These ailments, as well as Biliousness, Kidney infirmities, and feminine troubles, are eradicated by Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, an alterative of long tried and clearly proven efficacy. It is a fine blood depurent as well as corrective, and contains no ingredients which are not of the highest standard of purity.

Men of great strength have always been the subject of jeers from feebler men. Goliah didn't escape—even David had his fling at him.

Thos. Sabin, of Eglington, says: "I have removed ten corns from my feet with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

There is a town in Washington where a stranger would have difficulty in finding a wife. The girls are all Spokane for.

CATARRH and ASTHAMA were not so readily controlled and cured before T. A. SLOCUM'S OXYGENIZED EMULSION of PURE COD LIVER OIL came into the market. Every druggist is pleased to handle it for they all know its value. For tightness of the chest and difficult breathing it has no equal.

"That is a little out of my line," as the hangman said when he was shown the apparatus for execution by electricity.

The People's Mistake.

People make a sad mistake often with serious results when they neglect a constipated condition of the bowels. Knowing that Burdock Blood Bitters is an effectual cure at any stage of constipation, does not warrant us in neglecting to use it at the right time. Use it now.

Some of the loudest advocates of protection for home industry are never engaged in any industry at home.

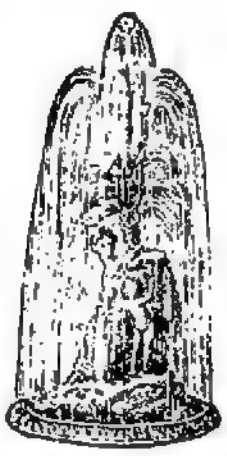
Recommended to Sufferers.

Gibbons' Toothache Gum. Price 15 cents.

Cripples arrested for begging often make lame excuses.

A short road to health was opened to those suffering from chronic coughs, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, lumbago, tumors, rheumatism, excoriated nipples or inflamed breast, and kidney complaints, by the introduction of the inexpensive and effective remedy, *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil.*

DR. FOWLER'S
EXT: OF
WILD
STRAWBERRY
CURES
CHOLERA
Cholera Morbus
COLIC and
CRAMPS
DIARRHŒA
DYSENTERY
AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.



FOR THE
Handkerchief,
THE
Toilet
AND
The Bath.
Beware of Counterfeits

MURRAY & LANMAN'S
Florida Water.
The Universal Perfume

"TRUTH"

CENSUS COMPETITION!

NO. 1.

Large Cash Prizes for the Nearest Calculations to the Population of Canada and the different Provinces and Cities in the list below.

Send now, as the First Correct Estimate in, takes the First Prize in each case.

In order to extend the already great circulation of TRUTH, our popular weekly magazine, we will give the following series of cash prizes to the persons who first send us the nearest calculation, guess or estimate of what the population of the different Cities, Provinces or the Dominion of Canada, named in the list following, will be in 1891. The official government figures when they are given to Parliament will decide who the winners are. As a guide we give the populations in 1871 and 1881. You can see what the increase has been in the past, guess or estimate what it will be in 1891 and send in your figures *now*.

Read Carefully This List of Prizes and send in an Estimate. You are as likely to secure the $1,000 as anyone!

POPULATION 1871	POPULATION 1881	PROVINCES AND CITIES	CASH PRIZES. 1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th
3,692,396	4,324,810	Dominion of Canada....	$1000	$250	$100	$50	$20	$10	$5
1,620,851	1,923,228	Ontario	500	150	50	25	10	5	3
1,191,516	1,359,027	Quebec	400	100	50	25	10	5	3
387,800	440,572	Nova Scotia	200	75	25	10	6	3	2
285,594	321,332	New Brunswick	200	75	25	10	5	3	2
94,021	108,891	Prince Ed. Island.....	100	25	10	7	5	3	2
12,228	62,254	Manitoba	200	75	25	10	5	3	2
10,336	39,195	British Columbia.....	150	75	25	10	5	3	2
	56,446	N. W. Territories.....	200	75	25	10	5	3	2
107,225	140,747	Montreal	250	100	50	20	10	7	5
56,092	85,415	Toronto	250	100	50	20	10	7	5
59,699	62,446	Quebec	100	25	10	7	6	3	2
29,582	36,100	Halifax	100	25	10	7	5	3	2
26,716	35,961	Hamilton	100	25	10	7	5	3	2
21,545	27,412	Ottawa	75	20	10	7	5	3	2
28,805	26,127	St John	75	20	10	7	5	3	2
15,826	19,746	London	100	25	10	7	5	3	2
12,407	14,091	Kingston	50	20	10	7	5	3	2
8,807	11,485	Charlottetown	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
6,878	9,890	Guelph	75	25	7	5	4	3	2
7,864	9,631	St Catharines	75	25	10	7	5	3	2
8,107	9,616	Brantford	75	25	10	7	5	3	2
7,395	9,516	Belleville	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
7,570	8,670	Three Rivers	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
2,797	8,367	St Thomas.....	75	25	10	7	5	3	2
4,313	8,239	Stratford	75	25	10	7	5	3	2
241	7,985	Winnipeg	75	25	10	7	5	3	2
5,873	7,873	Chatham	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
5,102	7,609	Brockville.....	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
6,091	7,597	Levis	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
4,432	7,227	Sherbrooke	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
	6,800	Hull	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
4,611	6,812	Peterborough	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
4,233	6,561	Windsor	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
	6,280	Yarmouth	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
	6,415	St Henri	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
6,006	6,218	Fredericton	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
3,270	5,925	Victoria	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
	4,000	Vancouver	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
5,636	5,791	Sorel	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
5,114	5,585	Port Hope	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
3,982	5,373	Woodstock	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
3,746	5,321	St Hyacinthe	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
3,827	5,187	Galt	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
4,049	5,080	Lindsay	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
	5,032	Moncton.....	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
	5,481	Sydney	50	20	7	5	4	3	2
	5,762	Chatham, N B.....	50	20	7	5	4	3	2

An Estimate on the Dominion, the Provinces, or any of the Cities mentioned here, may secure a $1,000. Try it!

Terms on which You Can Compete.

1. Any person sending us one dollar will receive TRUTH for three months and will be allowed six guesses or estimates on any six of the above cities or provinces or on the Dominion.

2. Any person sending us $5 will receive TRUTH for fifteen months (or if preferred, the paper will be sent to five addresses for three months each) and will be allowed one estimate on each city and province in the list, as well as on the Dominion; or thirty-five different estimates on any one city, or province, or on the Dominion.

3. Any person sending twenty cents will receive two numbers of TRUTH, as a trial, and will be allowed one guess or estimate on the population of any one of the cities, provinces or Dominion in the above list.

Should any guess or estimate of any city or province or of the Dominion be the exact number of the population, or the nearest to that number, the first cash prize opposite the name of the city or province or the Dominion will be given to the guesser. The person who comes next nearest will receive the second prize, the third nearest the next, and so on till all the prizes are distributed. If there is more than one correct guess or estimate of the population of each city, province or the Dominion, the prizes will be awarded in the order the letters arrive at this office. That is, first come first served. So don't delay sending in your estimate.

These prize offers will be withdrawn and the competition closed in ample time to prevent any government official from sending in who might be in a position to know the exact figures before they are given to parliament.

No one knows now what the population will be, therefore, you have as good an opportunity as any to strike the nearest figures. Even the government census enumerator himself knows no more than you do.

We don't decide who the winners are, the official figures of the government of Canada will settle the matter, and the prizes will be paid over at once on the official announcement being made in Parliament. Full results will be published in TRUTH the moment the actual figures are known.

We have acquired all copyrights of these Census Competitions, and will prosecute all infringements.

Address and make all orders payable to **S. FRANK WILSON, Toronto, Canada.**

Agents wanted in all unrepresented districts. Send in now before territory is occupied.

Sick Headache

IS a complaint from which many suffer and few are entirely free. Its cause is indigestion and a sluggish liver, the cure for which is readily found in the use of Ayer's Pills.

"I have found that for sick headache, caused by a disordered condition of the stomach, Ayer's Pills are the most reliable remedy."—Samuel C. Bradburn, Worthington, Mass.

"After the use of Ayer's Pills for many years, in my practice and family, I am justified in saying that they are an excellent cathartic and liver medicine—sustaining all the claims made for them."—W. A. Westfall, M. D., V. P. Austin & N. W. Railway Co., Burnet, Texas.

"Ayer's Pills are the best medicine known to me for regulating the bowels, and for all diseases caused by a disordered stomach and liver. I suffered for over three years from headache, indigestion, and constipation. I had no appetite and was weak and nervous most of the time. By using three boxes of Ayer's Pills, and at the same time dieting myself, I was completely cured."—Philip Lockwood, Topeka, Kansas.

"I was troubled for years with indigestion, constipation, and headache. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills, used in small daily doses, restored me to health. They are prompt and effective."—W. H. Strout, Meadville, Pa.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

For CRAMPS, COLIC, and all Bowel Troubles, use

PERRY DAVIS'

PAIN-KILLER

Used both internally and externally. It acts quickly, affording almost instant relief from the severest pain.

BE SURE to GET THE GENUINE

25c per bottle.

MEDICINE and FOOD COMBINED!

The D. & L. EMULSION

OF COD LIVER OIL & HYPO of LIME and SODA.

Increases Weight, Strengthens Lungs and Nerves.

Price 50c. and $1.00 per Bottle.

Ministers and Public Speakers use SPENCER'S

Chloramine Pastilles

For Clearing and Strengthening the voice. Cure Hoarseness and Soreness of Throat. Price 25c per bottle.

Sample free on application to Druggists.

TO MOTHERS

PALMO-TAR SOAP

Is Indispensable for the Bath, Toilet or Nursery, for cleaning the Scalp or Skin.

THE BEST BABY'S SOAP KNOWN.

Price 25c.

How to save money is a problem that interests everybody. One way to do it is to invigorate the system with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Being a highly concentrated blood medicine, it is the most powerful and economical. It is sold for a dollar a bottle, but worth five.

A back number—the one that a saucy urchin chalks upon an unsuspecting man's back, just for fun.

Excellent reasons exist why *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* should be used by persons troubled with affections of the throat or lungs, sores upon the skin, rheumatic pain, corns, bunions, or external injuries. The reasons are, that it is speedy, pure and unobjectionable, whether taken internally or applied outwardly.

The tobacco habit—a cigar wrapper.

The LADIES' JOURNAL Bible Competition on another page is well worth perusal.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a combination of several medicinal herbs which exert a most wonderful influence in curing pulmonary consumption and all other diseases of the lungs, chest and throat. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, and gives ease even to the greatest sufferer. Coughs, colds, shortness of breath, and affections of the chest, attended with weakness of the digestive organs, or with general debility, seem to vanish under its use. No other remedy acts so readily in allaying inflammation or breaking up a severe cold, even the most obstinate cough is overcome by its penetrating and healing properties. When children are affected with colds, coughs, inflammation of the lungs, croup, quinsey, and sore throat, this Syrup is of vast importance. The number of deaths among children from these diseases is truly alarming. It is so PALATABLE that a child will not refuse it, and is put at such a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits.

Vegetables are said to be meat for some people, but the green cucumber is meet for repentance.

Mining News.

Mining experts note that cholera never attacks the bowels of the earth, but humanity in general find it necessary to use Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for bowel complaints, dysentery, diarrhœa, etc. It is a sure cure.

The fool is pleased with himself; the wise man dissatisfied. Score one for the fool.

To lessen mortality and stop the inroads of disease, use Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. For all diseases arising from impure Blood, such as Pimples, Blotches, Biliousness, Indigestion, etc., etc., it has no equal. Mrs. Thomas Smith, Elm, writes; "I am using this medicine for Dyspepsia. I have tried many remedies, but this is the only one that has done me any good."

No man has been found as yet who bears a striking resemblance to John L. Sullivan.

H. F. MacCarthy, Wholesale and Retail Druggist, Otatwa, writes:—"I was afflicted with Chronic Bronchitis for some years, but have been completely cured by the use of *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* in doses of five drops on sugar. I have also pleasure in recommending it as an embrocation for external use.

The man who scoffs at the idea of purgatory may go further and fare worse.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has no equal for destroying worms in children and adults. See that you get the genuine when purchasing.

While we have Uncle Sam in America there is Antwerp in Belgium.

Timely Wisdom.

Great and timely wisdom is shown by keeping Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry on hand. It has no equal for cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, cramps, and all summer complaints or looseness of the bowels.

A life-boat—the galley to which a French convict gets a life sentence.

Messrs. Northrop & Lyman are the proprietors of *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*, which is now being sold in immense quantities throughout the Dominion. It is welcomed by the suffering invalid everywhere, with emotions of delight, because it banishes pain and gives instant relief. This valuable specific for almost "every ill that flesh is heir to," is valued by the sufferer as more precious than gold. It is the elixir of life to many a wasted frame. If you have not purchased a bottle, do so at once, and keep it ready for an emergency. Its cheapness, 25 cents per bottle, places it within the reach of all. To the farmer it is indespensable, and it should be in every house.

No wings are necessary to fly off the handle.

Indiscretions in diet bring on dyspepsia and irregularity of the bowels. Eat only wholesome food, and if the trouble has become permanent—as it is very prone to do—try a course of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. The combined effects astonish and delight the sufferer, who soon begins to digest well, regain functional regularity and improve in appetite; the blood becomes pure, and good health is restored.

How to make money—learn the trade in a mint.

The public should bear in mind that *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* has nothing in common with the impure, deteriorating class of so-called medicinal oils. It is *eminently pure* and *really efficacious*—relieving pain and lameness, stiffness of the joints and muscles, and sores, or hurts, besides being an excellent specific for rheumatism, coughs and bronchial complaints.

SONGS ONE CENT EACH.

1 Baby Mine	121 Kiss Me, Kiss Your Darlint	243 Old Dan Golden Slippers
5 The Old Cabin Home	122 A Flower from Mother's Grave	246 Poor, but a Gentleman Still
6 The Little One's at Home	124 The Old Log Cabin on the Hill	249 Nobody's Darling but Mine
12 See That My Grave's Kept Green	130 Coming Thro' the Rye	251 Put My Little Shoes Away
13 Grandfather's Clock	131 Meet Me, Then, Meet as Strangers	252 Darling Nellie Gray
14 Where Was Moses when the Light	138 The Kiss Behind the Door	254 Little Brown Jug
24 Sweet By and By (Went Out	140 You May Look, but Mustn't Touch	256 Ben Bolt
44 Whoa, Emma (Maggie	162 I've no Mother Now, I'm Weeping	257 Good Bye Sweetheart
33 When You and I were Young	168 Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground	259 Sadie Ray
34 When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home	158 Say a Kind Word When You Can	270 Tim Finnigan's Wake
48 Take this Letter to My Mother	165 I Cannot Sing the Old Songs	273 The Hat My Father Wore
49 A Model Love Letter—comic	166 Norah O'Neal	240 The Sweet Sunny South
53 Wife's Commandments—comic	167 Waiting, My Darling, for Thee	243 Come Home Father
54 Husband's Commandments	169 Jennie the Flower of Kildare	244 Little Maggie May
56 Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane	170 I'm Lonely Since My Mother Died	248 Sally in Our Alley
58 Marching Through Georgia	172 Tenting on the Old Camp Ground	250 Poor Old Ned
60 Widow in the Cottage by the Sea	176 Don't You Go, Tommy, Don't Go	262 Man in the Moon is Looking
65 Minstrel Boy	180 Willie, We have Missed You	265 Broken Down
70 Take Back the Heart	182 Over the Hills to the Poor House	266 My Little One's Waiting for Me
92 The Faded Coat of Blue (Night	185 Don't be Angry with Me, Darling	267 I'll Go Back to my Old Love
93 My Old Kentucky Home. Good	191 Flirtation of the Fan	302 The Butcher Boy
94 I'll be all Smiles to Night Love	194 Why Did She Leave Him? (other	305 I've Gwine Back to Dixie
96 Listen to the Mocking Bird	196 Thou Hast Learned to Love An-	310 The Five Cent Piece
98 Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still	202 There's None Like a Mother	332 Roll on Silver Moon
99 The Gypsey's Warning	204 You Were False, but I'll Forgive	347 Meet me by Moonlight Alone
102 'Tis But a Little Faded Flower	209 Whisper Softly, Mother's Dying	362 Yellow Rose of Texas
104 The Girl I Left Behind Me	211 Will You Love Me, When I'm Old	370 Sleepy Eyed Tom Rumble
105 Little Buttercup	220 Annie Laurie	380 Darney Mc[illegible]
107 Carry Me Back to Old Virginny	222 Sherman's March to the Sea	387 Rogers We Are [illegible]
112 The Old Man's Drunk Again	224 Come, Birdie, Come	392 Pull Down the Curtain
116 I Am Waiting, Eadie Dear	228 Love Among the Roses	393 SLIDE, KELLY SLIDE
119 Take Me Back to Home and Mother	232 Old Arm Chair (sung by Barry)	394 DOWN WENT McGINTY
120 Come, Sit by My Side, Darling	239 The Sailor's Grave	395 LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

We will send by mail, post-paid, any ten of these songs for 10 cents; any twenty-five songs for 15 cents; any Fifty for 25 cents. Or we will send all the above songs, post paid for 40 cts. Remember, we will not send less than ten cents. Orders songs by NUMBERS only. Don't send Canada Stamps. Valuable Catalogue Free. New Music Co, 109 Nassau St, N. Y.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by grocers, labelled.—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

Don't fail to read our Census Competition on another page.

Voice Culture:—Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum improves the voice. Sold everywhere. 5. cent.

Bermuda Bottled.

"You must go to Bermuda. If you do not I will not be responsible for the consequences." "But, doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money." "Well, if that is impossible, try

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE NORWECIAN COD LIVER OIL.

I sometimes call it Bermuda Bottled, and many cases of

CONSUMPTION, *Bronchitis, Cough or Severe Cold*

I have CURED with it; and the advantage is that the most sensitive stomach can take it. Another thing which commends it is the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites which it contains. You will find it for sale at your Druggist's, in Salmon wrapper. Be sure you get the genuine."

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

AGENTS wanted. Liberal salary paid At home or to travel. Team furnished free. P.O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

CATARRH.—We can radically cure Chronic Catarrh in from 1 to 3 months. Our Medicated Air treatment can be used by a child. Send for list of testimonials and full particulars. Address, MEDICATED INHALATION CO., 286 Church St.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

COVERTON'S NIPPLE OIL

For cracked or sore nipples, also for hardening the nipples before confinement. This oil wherever used has been found superior to all preparations. One trial is sufficient to establish its merits. Price 25c. Should your druggist not keep it, enclose us the above amount and six cents for postage. C. J. COVERTON & CO., Druggists, Montreal.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

For Sale by all Dealers.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

WOMEN WHO KNOW

A GOOD THING

When they see it all say that the "TARBOX" SELF-WRINGING MOP is indispensable to every well regulated household.

LIGHT, HANDY, DURABLE.

Wrung at arm's length without wetting the hands, thus avoiding CHAPPED Scalded, or SoreHands. Nostooping or straining of the back.

Sold everywhere at only 50c. Ask your dealer for it and TAKE NO OTHER. The name of "TARBOX" cast on every mop.

Tarbox Bros.,

73 Adelaide Street West, Sole [illegible]

Toronto, [illegible]

LADIES' JOURNAL
Bible Competition !
NO. 26.

The Old Reliable again to the fore. A splendid list of Rewards.

Don't Delay ! Send at Once !

Competition Number Twenty Six opens now at the solicitation of thousands of the old friends and competitors in former contests.

The Editor of THE LADIES' JOURNAL has nearly forty thousand testimonials as to the fairness with which these Bible Competitions have been conducted.

This competition is to be short and decisive. It will remain open only till the 15th day of December inclusive.

The questions are as follows :—Where in the Bible are the following words first found, 1 HEN, 2 ROBE, 3 GARMENT.

To the first person sending in the correct answer to these questions will be given number one of these rewards—the Piano. To the next person, the $100.00 in cash, and so on till all these rewards are given away.

FIRST REWARDS.

First one, an Elegant Upright Piano by celebrated Canadian Firm	$500
Second one, One Hundred Dollars in cash	100
Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Teacher's Bible, $3	45
Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movement, $60	420
Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet	55
Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) $40	200
Next one, Twenty Dollars in cash	20
Next five, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces	750
Next five, each a fine French China Tea Service of 68 pieces	200
Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Eliot's works, bound in cloth, 5 vols., $15	75
Next seven, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Open Face or Hunting Case Watch, $30	210

MIDDLE REWARDS.

To the person sending the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last will be given the fifty dollars in cash. To the sender of the next correct answer following the middle will be given one of the ten dollar amounts, and so on till all the middle rewards are distributed.

First, Fifty dollars in cash	$50
Next five, each $10 in cash	50
Next three, each a fine Family Sewing Machine, $50	150
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, $50	250
Next ten, each a Fine Triple Silver Plated Tea Set, (4 pieces) $50	400
Next twenty-one, each a set of Dickens' Works, Beautifully bound in Cloth, 10 vols., $20	420
Next five, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, by Powell, Bishop & Stonier, Hanley, England	250
Next five, each a fine French China Tea Service, of 68 pieces, specially imported, $40	200
Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Eliot's works bound in cloth, 5 vols., $15	75
Next eighteen, each a handsome Silver Plated Sugar Bowl, $5	90
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, $50	250
Next fifty-five, each a handsome long Silver Plated Button Hook	55

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

For those who are too late for any of the above rewards the following special list is offered, as far as they will go. To the sender of the last correct answer received at LADIES' JOURNAL office postmarked 15th December or earlier, will be given number one of these consolation prizes, to the next to the last, number two, and so on till these rewards are all given away.

First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash	$100
Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold at $15	225
Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movements $60	420
Next nineteen, each a Set of a Dozen Tea Knives, heavily plated, $10	190
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch $50	250
Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring, $7	105
Next forty-one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair $2	82
Next twenty-nine, each a Complete Set of Dickens' Works, Handsomely Bound in Cloth, 10 vols., $20	80
Next twenty-one, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet new design	5
Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) $40	200
Next twenty-five, a Teachers' Fine, Well-Bound Bible, with concordance	100

Each person competing must send One Dollar with their answers, for one year's subscription to the LADIES' JOURNAL. The LADIES' JOURNAL has been greatly enlarged and improved and is in every way equal at this price to any of the publications issued for ladies on this continent. You, therefore, pay nothing at all for the privilege of competing for these prizes.

The prizes will be distributed in time for Christmas Presents to friends, if you wish to use them in that way.

The distribution will be in the hands of disinterested parties and the prizes given strictly in the order letters arrive at the LADIES' JOURNAL office. Over 255,000 persons have received rewards in previous competitions. Address, Editor LADIES' JOURNAL, Toronto, Canada.

Notice to Prize-Winners.

Successful competitors in applying for their prizes, must in every case state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. Prize winners must invariably apply in the same hand-writing in which the original answer was sent, so that the letter and application may be compared before the prize is given out. The following sums must accompany applications for prizes, whether called for at the office or delivered by express or freight :—Pianos, $20 ; Cabinet Organs, $5 ; Sewing Machines, $2 ; Tea Services, 50c ; Gold Watches, Silk Dresses, $1 ; Other Dress Goods, 50c ; Cake Baskets, 50c ; Rings, 30c ; Books, Spoons, Brooches and other small prizes, 20c ; Knitting Machines, $1.00 ; Family Bibles, 50c ; Dickens' and Eliot's Works, 50c ; Tea and Dinner Sets, $1.00.

When Will the Earth be Full?

Discussing the subject of future population and food supply, from a geographical point of view, Mr. E. G. Ravenstein, in a paper, at the British Association, estimated that the amount of available fertile or comparatively fertile land was over 28,000,00 square miles. The poor lands or steppes amounted to 14,000,000 square miles, and the bare deserts 4,180,000 square miles. Of all Africa we knew very little. Even of China, an ancient empire, we were not at all certain ; and in these cases we could only go by analogy. But he estimated that the total population of the earth was 1468 millions. His estimate, so far as Africa was concerned, was a low one. From the most recent information available he could not conscientiously give Africa more than 127,000,000, instead of the two, three, or four hundred millions that some had been disposed to allow. Even 127,000,000 was a high estimate. It meant 11 persons to the square mile, and that was a high number. In North America it was only 14, and in South America 5. Here in Europe it was 101. Suppose this earth could sustain 5,993,000,000, the question was how long it would be before it earth would be full. He estimated that it would take exactly 192 years, or until 2092 to fill it, and in the ten years which preceded that year there would have been added to the population 435,000,000 ; but he did not think there need be a tremendous fuss made about this matter, as it was not likely we would see the day when there was no room on this earth.

The Book of Lubon.

A man without wisdom lives in a Fool's Paradise. A Treatise especially written on Diseases of man containing Facts For Men of All Ages ! Should be read by Old, Middle Aged, and Young Men. Proven by the sale of Half a Million to be the most popular, because written in language plain, forcible & instructive. Practical presentation of Medical Common Sense. Valuable to invalids who are weak and nervous and exhausted, showing new means by which they may be cured. Approved by editors, critics, and the people. Sanitary, Social, Science, Subjects. Also gives a description of Specific No. 8, The Great Health Renewer : Marvel of Healing and Koh-i-noor of Medicines. It largely explains the mysteries of life. By its teachings, health may be maintained. The book will teach you how to make life worth living. If every adult in the civilized world would read, understand and follow our views, there would be world of Physical, intellectual and moral giants. This book will be found a truthful presentation of facts, calculated to do good. The book of Lubon, the Talisman of Health brings bloom to the cheeks, strength to the body and joy to the heart. It is a message to the Wise and Otherwise. Lubon's Specific No. 8 the Spirit of Health. Those who obey the laws of this book will be crowned with a fadeless wreath. Vast numbers of men have felt the power and testified to the virtue of Lubon 's Specific No. 8. All Men Who are Broken Down from over work or other causes not mentioned in the above, should send for and read this valuable treatise, which will be sent to any address, sealed, on receipt of ten cents in stamps to pay postage. Address all orders to M. V. LUBON, room 15, 50 Front Street E., Toronto, Canada.

The Cheeky Way a Barber Kept His Accounts

A barber was recently arrested in Paris for badly cutting a customer. There was no question about the gash and what made it seem worse, the razor wielder said in a way he had done it purposely.

After the testimony was in the Judge asked the barber if he had anything to say.

"Yes, monsieur, I have. I justify the cutting on the ground that it was merely a clerical error—a slip of the pen."

"What," cried the Judge, gasping with astonishment.

"Permit me," continued the lather slapper. "For months the plaintiff has been getting shaved on trust at my establishment. I have no very convenient means of keeping accounts, so every time I shaved the gentleman I cut a little nick in his cheek in order to guide me in my charges when the long deferred day of payment came. So many nicks of course, so many shaves."

The barber paused a moment and the whole court was on the tiptoe of expectation.

"But how about the clerical error ?" asked the Judge.

"I am coming to that, sir. It so happened that the account has already arrived at the one-hundredth nick and my hand being somewhat unused to making ciphers, the razor turned when I attempted them with the result known."

The entire honesty and candor of the barber was so plain he was let off with a light fine.

All hands want Pearline—it's handy

Enables one pair of *hands* to do the work of several; millions of *hands* use it; millions more will when they learn its value.

You can read, write, sew, wash dishes, prepare the meals, care for the baby—with your two *hands*, while Pearline is washing the clothes for you almost without the aid of *hands*. It's harmless; cannot hurt most delicate of *hands* or fabrics; most delightful for washing the *hands*. It saves your *hands* one-half the work in house-cleaning—in fact, when your *hands* have anything to wash or clean, you will find sooner or later that Pyle's Pearline is the best thing known with which to do it.

Beware Many *hands* are engaged in peddling imitations of Pearline—or goods which they claim to be "as good as Pearline,"—IT'S FALSE—Pearline is not peddled.

All grocers *handle* Pearline. 185 JAMES PYLE, New York.

Have You a First-Class Watch ?

IF NOT, WHY NOT ?

THE IMPORTANT THING IS

QUALITY—

What is the Thickness of Gold used ?

THAT IS WHAT CONCERNS THE PUBLIC !

QUALITY ASSURED

TROUBLE AVOIDED

IF YOU BUY THE

Chas. Stark Watches

OUR "RAILROAD" WATCH

This Watch is a Perfect Time Keeper, UNEQUALLED FOR RAILROAD PURPOSES. It has 16 ruby jewels in sunk setting, Compensation Balance, Improved Hairspring, Patent Pinion, and Regulator adjusted to heat, cold and position, Double Sunk Dial, Stem wind and set. Guaranteed for five years. Fitted to our 14 kt. Gold Filled Hunting Case, warranted to wear equal to Gold for 20 years. Price, $25.00 Cash. Mailed to any address in Canada on receipt of amount ; or on receipt of $1.00 we will forward by Express, C.O.D. for balance, with privilege of Examination. The same movement fitted to our 14 kt. Gold Filled, open Face, Screw Bezel and Back Case, guaranteed for 20 years, for $22.00 Cash.

Send for our 320 page CATALOGUE, containing nearly 3,000 ILLUSTRATIONS of every description of merchandise, in Jewellery, Diamonds, Watches, Guns, Revolvers and Rifles, Dry Goods, Furs, Clothing, Groceries, Hardware, Harness, Books, Stationery, &c., &c. Price 25 cents. FREE to intending purchasers.

THE CHARLES STARK CO., (Ltd.)

58 & 60 Church Street, - - - Toronto, Ontario

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

DR. SLOCUM'S

OXYGENIZED EMULSION

—OF—

PURE

Cod Liver Oil

FOR

CONSUMPTION,
BRONCHITIS,
ASTHMA,
SCROFULA,

AND ALL

PULMONARY DISEASES.

DIRECTIONS.

☞ SHAKE WELL. ☜

Take one tablespoonful half an hour after each meal. If the patient's digestion will not allow tablespoonful use desert-spoonful.

PRICE $1.00.

PREPARED ONLY

BY

T. A. SLOCUM,

186 Adelaide St. West,

TORONTO, - ONTARIO.

Oxygenized Emulsion

—OF—

PURE COD LIVER OIL.

Among the merits which distinguish Slocum's Oxygenized Emulsion of Pure Cod, Liver Oil above all other preparations are :

1st. The excellence of its method of preparation.
2nd. Its freedom from disagreeable taste and odor !
3rd. Its fitness for immediate absorption !
4th. The thoroughness in which it retains permanently its good qualities.
5th. And the fact that Slocum's Oxygenized Emulsion is the only Cod Liver Oil amalgamation in the market in which the oil is not mixed with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, or some other equally injurious foreign substance, and consequently rendered worse than worthless !

All Pulmonary Disorders find Speedy Relief.
If you have any Throat Trouble.....Use it.
If you have Tightness of the Chest.....Use it.
If you have Difficulty of Breathing.....Use it.
If you have a wasting away of Flesh.....Use it.
If you have Weak Lungs.....Use it.
If you have Bronchitis.....Use it.
If you have Asthma.....Use it.
If you have Catarrh.....Use it.
If you have a Cold.....Use it.
If you have a Cough.....Use it.
If you are Feeble and Emaciated.....Use it.
If you have Consumption.....Use it.

THEY WHO USE IT---LIVE !

The approval my OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL has met with at the hands of the public is no doubt more or less due to the members of the medical profession, who have shown a preference in recommending its use in their daily practice.

☞ If your druggist has not got SLOCUM'S OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL, and will not order it for you, do not take any preparation that contains Lime and Soda. In such case rather obtain of him the Pure Cod Liver Oil, which, though nauseous and repulsive to the taste, does not contain any foreign and injurious substance.

SINGLE BOTTLES, $1.00; SIX BOTTLES, $5.00.

Treatise and Circulars on Consumption mailed on application. Address—

T. A. SLOCUM, 186 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Dr. Davis' Pennyroyal and Steel Pills for females, quickly correct all irregularities. Sold by all chemists or the agent, W. NEILL, 2263 St. Catherine street, Montreal.
50c. Per Box.

TANSY PILLS!
Safe and Sure. Send 4c. for "WOMAN'S SAFE GUARD." Wilcox Specific Co., Phila., Pa.

OAK BALM FREE! FREE! FREE! OAK BALM

A safe, pleasant and permanent cure for all Female Complaints. It is a painless, effectual vegetable remedy and works like magic, often relieving pain with the very first application, from which the patient may have suffered for years. Thousands of ladies who have been permanently cured by this wonderful remedy, testify to the truth of this statement. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try it. Sample free. Price $1 for one month's treatment. For sale by druggists generally, or send direct to the general agent,
JOHN TROTTER, No. 5 Richmond Street West, Toronto, Canada.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT.

The Pills Purify the Blood, Correct all Disorders of the **Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Bowels.** They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

The Ointment Is an Infallible Remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds Sores and Ulcers, is famous for Gout and rheumatism. For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal. **For Sore Throats, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases,** it has no rival, and for Contracted and Stiff Joints, it acts like a charm.

MANUFACTURED ONLY AT

Thomas Holloway's Establishment, 78 New Oxford St., late 533 Oxford St., London

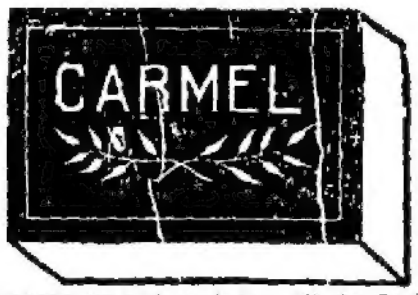
And are sold at 1s., 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s.6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each box or pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the world. ☞ Purchasers should look to the label on the Pot and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

LADIES
INCREASE YOUR COMFORT BY WEARING
FEATHERBONE

TRY A SAMPLE PAIR.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

THEY ARE MORE DURABLE
THEY ARE MORE GRACEFUL
THEY ARE MORE STYLISH
CORSETS.
THAN ANY OTHER CORSET IN THE MARKET

MADE ONLY BY CANADA FEATHERBONE CO. LONDON, O.



CARMEL SOAP is made by a Mission Society in Palestine, and is the purest form of

CASTILE SOAP.

If your grocer or druggist does not keep it send 10c. for sample cake to A. KLIPSTEIN, 52 Cedar St., N. Y.

M. Wright & Co., Agents, Hamilton, Ont.

"CURLINE"

Dorenwend's New Discovery.

Curls, crimps and frizzes the hair. Holds its influence for days and often weeks.

Pleasant, effective and perfectly harmless, gives lustre and beauty to the hair. Sold at 50c., 5c. extra by mail. Sent anywhere on receipt of price. Will shortly be on sale by all druggists.

A. Dorenwend,
Paris Hair Works,
103 and 105 Yonge St., Toronto, Can

RUPTURE

The last 25 years I have adjusted more Trusses than any man in America. Valuable Patents, my own invention, in Trusses, Spinal and Club Feet Instruments.

Rupture—I will guarantee to hold largest Rupture without touching your hip, no straps whatsoever, waterproof. Largest stock of general Trusses, also the great Cluthe Spiral Trusses in stock. Reliable system for ORDERING BY MAIL.

Spinal Instruments half the weight of other makes and more effective.

CLUB FEET I claim the only mechanical system to straighten born Club Feet (Patented.) I will prove to any body that operation never did nor can straighten Club Feet. Send 6 cent stamps for Book.

CLUB. CLUTHE. 118 King St. W., Toronto

Lessons in Phrenology Examinations, Oral or Written. Mrs. Meudon, 237 McCaul Street.

DR. DORENWEND'S

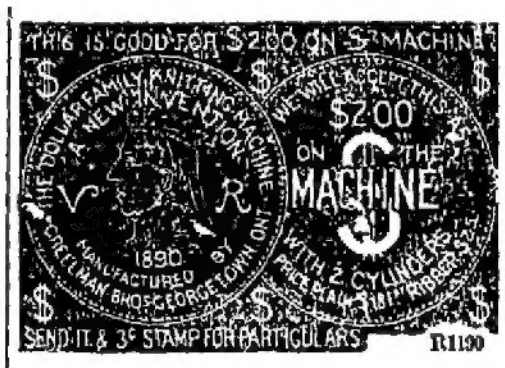
GERMAN

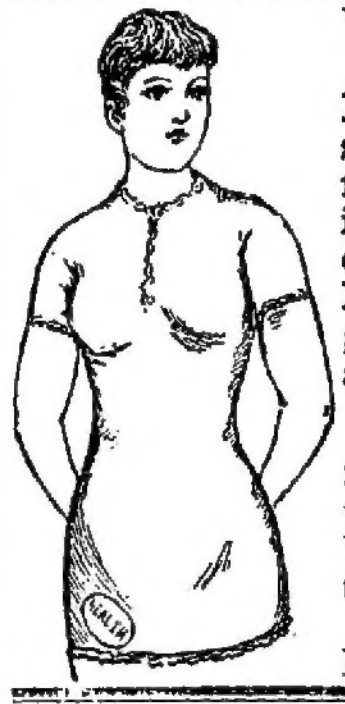
HAIR MAGIC

Restores Gray Hair, Removes Dandruff and Promotes the Growth.

A great preparation. For sale by all druggists everywhere. $1 per bottle or 6 bottles for $5.

A. DORENWEND, - Sole Agt.





What's Prettier than a Woman's

Figure when she is beautifully shaped and wears clothes that fit her? The Undervests just introduced and registered under the name of the "Health Brand" improve the fit of a gown, and at the same time are luxurious and comfortable.

SIR JAMES GRANT, of Ottawa, says: "I feel sure you have accomplished a good work in the production of the Health Undervests, which cannot fail to meet the requirements of our people."

They can be bought at W. A. MURRAY & CO.'S.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy **FREE** to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

12 BEAUTIFUL Chinese Handkerchiefs, with colored borders very elegant; also a genuine Asiatic Folding Fan, hand painted and very artistic. All by mail 25 cents, (stamps or silver) Address Canadian Novelty Co., Montreal, Q.

Bilious Headaches Must Go.

I had rheumatism in my knees and fingers, and bilious headaches, etc., every few weeks. Mr. Higgins, Empire Laundry, urged me to try ST. LEON MINERAL WATER. I did, and it set me all right, headaches and pains all gone. My wife and three children also use it. We all find St. Leon Water very good and healthy.

J. T. S. ANDERSON

Watchmaker and Jeweller, 316 Queen St. west Toronto.

IT'S FREE

To examine. Cut this ad out and send to us and we will send the Watch to you by express, C. O. D. (all charges prepaid), without paying one cent. You can examine the watch at the express office and if you do not find it all and even more than we claim for it, leave it, and you are only out your time in looking at it. But if perfectly satisfactory, pay the express agent our special **Cut Price of $5.00** and take the watch. No watch like this was ever advertised in a paper before. No such Bargain ever offered. This is a Genuine **GOLD PLATED WATCH**, made of two heavy plates of 18 karat solid Gold over composition metal, and warranted in every respect. It has solid bow, cap, crown and thumb piece, beautiful hunting style, elaborately engraved and decorated by hand. Joints, cap, crown, bezel and center are all accurately made, fitted and warranted. Beware of imitations. The movement is a fine **WALTHAM** style, richly jewelled, quick train (18,000 beats per hour), expansion balance, patent pinion, patent escapement, full plate, beautifully finished, accurately regulated and adjusted, and warranted an accurate time-keeper. A guarantee is sent with each Watch. These watches are sold everywhere for $25.00.

As a guarantee that this is the greatest bargain ever offered, that the watch is worth FAR more than the price named, that nothing like this was ever offered before. We refer you to any WHOLESALE HOUSE IN TORONTO. Order now, it's YOUR ONLY CHANCE. Address,

GEARS & CO., 212 YONGE ST., TORONTO, CANADA.

THE ONLY

ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

Having Absorbent Qualities.

W. T. Baer & Co. A CERTAIN CURE WITHOUT MEDICINE. W. T. Baer & Co.

All diseases are cured by our Medicated Electric Belts and appliances on the principle that electricity is life. Our Appliances are brought directly into contact with the diseased parts; they act as perfect absorbents by destroying the germs of disease and removing all impurities from the body. Diseases are successfully treated by correspondence, as our goods can be applied at home.

All Home References; No Foreign or Manufactured Testimonials.

W. J. Gould, Gurney Stove Works, City, not able to work for three weeks, cured in 4 days—Sciatica.
Josiah Fennell, 287 Queen street east, City, could not write a letter, went to work on the 8th day—Neuralgia.
A. E. Caldwell, Engraver, 71 King street, City, Rheumatism in the knees cured.
Mrs. Geo. Planner, City, Liver and Kidneys, now free from all pain, strong and happy.
Miss Flora McDonald, 21 Wilton ave., City, reports a lump drawn from her wrist.
Mrs. J. Swift, 87 Agnes st., City, cured of Sciatica in 6 weeks.
E. Riggs, 280 Adelaide st. west., City, Catarrh cured by Actina.
Miss Annie Wray, Music Teacher, Manning ave., finds Actina invaluable.
John Thompson, Toronto Junction, cured of Tumor in the Eye in 2 weeks by Actina.
L. B. McKay, Tobacconist, cured of Headache after years of suffering.
C. C. Rockwood, 16 Bulwer st., City, cured of Lame Back in a few days.
R. Austin, 84 Adelaide st. west, City, Dyspepsia 6 years, Butterfly Belt did him more good than he expected.
Miss Laura Grose, John st., City, Constitutional Sore Eyes cured in one month.
Mrs. Wm. Bennett, 14 King st., west, City, after years sleeplessness, now never loses a wink—Butterfly Belt.
Richard Hood, 40 Stewart st., City, used Actina 3 months for a permanent cure—Catarrh.
Alex. Rogers, Tobacconist, City, declares Actina worth $100—Headache.
Mrs. Hatt, 342 Clarence ave., City, cured of Blood Poisoning.
Miss E. M. Forsyth, 18 Brant st., City, reports a lump drawn from her hand, 12 years standing.
J. M. Quaig, Grain Merchant, cured of Rheumatism in the shoulders after all others failed.
Jas. Weeks, Parkdale, Sciatica and Lame Back cured in 15 days.
Mrs. S. M. Whitehead, 573 Jarvis st., City, a sufferer for years, could not be induced to part with our belt.
H. S. Fleetwood, a wreck mentally and physically. Cause, nightly emissions. Perfectly cured.
Thos. Guthrie, Argyle, Man., says our Butterfly Belt and Suspensory did him more good than all the medicine he paid for in 12 years.
Thos. Bryan, 541 Dundas st., Nervous Debility—Improved from the first day until cured.
Chas. Cozens, P. M., Trowbridge, Ont., after five weeks, feels like his former self.
J. A. T., Ivy, cured of Emissions in 3 weeks. Your Belt and Suspensory cured me of Impotency, writes G. A. I would not be without your Belt and Suspensory for $50, writes J. McG. For General Debility your Belt and Suspensory are cheap at any price, says S. M. C. Belt and Suspensory gave H. S., of Fleetwood, new a lease of life. K. E. G. had no faith, but was entirely cured of impotency. Many such letters on file.

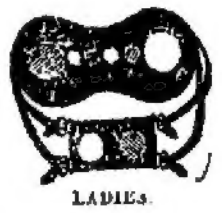
CATARRH IMPOSSIBLE
UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF
ACTINA!

Given on 15 days Trial.
Illustrated Book and Health Journal Free.

BUTTERFLY.

The only Company WHO DARE ADVERTISE PRICES

NO VINEGAR or ACID USED.



LADIES.

Combined Belt and Suspensory Only $5.00.

W. T. BAER & Co., 171 Queen St. W., Toronto.